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Hans Breitmann's Ballads

Hans Breitmann's Ballads

BY

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

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Introduction

AT times, in my dismay to find that there are Americans, even Philadelphians, who have never heard of Hans Breitmann, or of his creator, Charles Godfrey Leland, I have been foolish enough to fancy the *Breitmann Ballads* forgotten. I have wondered if we had got too far from the Civil War and the dark days through which Breitmann blustered and swaggered and philosophized and swallowed oceans of beer and thundered his fierce German oaths, for the younger generation to realize all he stood for to his contemporaries. But the few who count have always remembered, and the fact that a new edition of the *Ballads* should be called for in America now, forty-five years after Breitmann's first appearance, suggests that they always will remember. In England the demand for Breitmann has never ceased. In both countries, the "Barty" he gave has passed into the language, become a part of it, a figure of speech useful to many who probably could not tell you who invented it. The journalist is still unable to do without it; the politician still relies upon it to make his point — only the other day I came upon its title, or first line, again adapted as the title of a brand-new political treatise. Indeed, it seems more than likely that Hans Breitmann, instead of altogether dying as I once had the folly to fear, is entering upon that second life of genius which often proves more vigorous than the first.

The truth is, the excess of popularity enjoyed by Breitmann in the beginning was bound to bring about a reaction sooner or later. Little written at the time was more widely known and read and quoted and laughed over and imitated and parodied than the *Breitmann Ballads*. The fame of the big, gross, metaphysical, beer-drinking American-German — not Pennsylvania Dutch as he has sometimes, and erroneously, been described — who plunged into American politics and waded knee-deep in blood through the American Civil War, spread like wild-fire through the country, and every door was open to the hero who had come to make people laugh at a moment when laughter was not easy, and who was the better received because in him gaiety was not as out of place as it might have seemed in the native-born American. He was enough of a citizen to share in the tragedy through which the nation struggled, but also enough of a foreigner to carry the country's burden lightly. Nobody can ever know how many men and women were helped through bitter moments by his fooling and philosophy. On the stage he became the rival of Harlequin and Pantaloon, in fancy balls he eclipsed Pierrot and Punch, in literature he held his own with Hosea Biglow, who had preceded him, as he did later with the Heathen Chinee, who succeeded him.

The popularity of the *Ballads* astounded no one more than their author. Fortunately he has himself, in his Memoirs, told the story of their origin and their fortunes. We know from him that, in the beginning and through a period of hard work as journalist and grave anxiety for his country, they were mostly written at moments of relaxation in letters to amuse his friends; that the friends took them more seriously than he did and sent them to papers and magazines; that one friend went so far as to collect and print them for separate public publication; and that then, in consideration for this friend's pocket and not much for his own, Leland persuaded T. B. Peterson, at the time one of the principal publishers in Philadelphia, to take over the business of publication. The number of editions that poured from the press in rapid succession gives some idea of the vogue the *Ballads* had from the start. At first a few — seven in all, with the "Barty," written in 1856, published in *Graham's Magazine* in 1857, filling the place of honour, and Breitmann's adventures as soldier and "bummer" filling many of the other pages—were collected out of the odd corners of newspapers and magazines where they had been modestly hidden, and were issued in pamphlet form. Hardly had they appeared when they were followed by a Second Series, Breitmann now figuring as politician, one of his most astonishing rôles; a Third, with Breitmann sustaining his reputation in Church; a Fourth, where he reappears as Uhlan; a Fifth, where he distinguishes himself by new adventures in Europe: all the while his character developing, Leland, from his own rich experience in camp and on the road, crowding Breitmann's career with incident and eventually finding his prototype in a certain Jost, serving in a regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, whose proficiency in "bumming," swearing, fighting, and drinking lager beer was the admiration alike of Federals and Confederates. In 1869, after little more than a year, the First and Second Series were in their turn collected and brought out, together with the added and perhaps necessary dignity of a Glossary. By 1871, the Five Series had appeared in a volume.

I doubt if the most assiduous collector could ever be sure he had secured all the editions or, for that matter, just how many there are to be secured. If they had gone about it deliberately, the Petersons could hardly have made the collection of Breitmann editions such hard work, and, therefore, it may be, such keen pleasure. In not one I have seen, is the date given; the only clue to be had is the preliminary "Entered according to Act of Congress," this showing that the First Series came out, or at least was "entered," in 1868, the Second in 1869, the Third in 1870, the Fourth and Fifth in 1871, leaving the dates of the different editions of each Series rather vague. Nor did the publishers do more to cater to the lover of beautiful books. Nothing could be cheaper than the get-up of the pamphlets, though fifty cents, and afterwards seventy-five, was asked for each, while it is curious to find indifference to detail carried so far that in the First Series Hans Breitmann's famous "*B*arty" is turned into a mere "*P*arty" on cover and title-page and even in the title to the poem on the first page, though it appears immediately below, in the first line, as the "*B*arty" that sets it in a place apart from all other parties that ever were, or could be, given. This piece of carelessness was not corrected in the Complete Edition of 1871. It looks as if nothing much had been thought of except to rush pamphlets and books through the press so as to catch the public while there was a public to be caught.

Breitmann's success was scarcely less in England, where he came and conquered almost as soon as at home, though it is hard to say just why the *Ballads*, with their curious medley of what their author describes as "Teutonic philosophy and sentiment, beer, music and romance," should have appealed to the British public. England, in those days, had a great deal to say of the iniquity of American pirates, but there were English pirates to capture Breitmann on the very threshold of his career. Three pirated versions of the *Ballads* competed with Trübner's authorized edition. Already, in the Editor's Preface to Peterson's Third Series, there is a reference to a fifth English edition, and I have seen an eighth of the Trübner issue. In 1871 came a Complete Edition from the same publisher, and to this Leland added poems hitherto unpublished in book form, thus securing his English copyright. The pirates, who had not much more respect for beauty of form than the Petersons, did not interfere with the success of Trübner. Everybody wanted to read Breitmann and, when the author of Breitmann arrived in England, everybody wanted to see Breitmann. He was the lion of London drawing-rooms as long as he could endure the discomfort of it. New ballads were asked for again and yet again, and when he ventured to publish his *Last Ballads*, they were not permitted to be his last. More were written, more were undertaken. In going through my uncle's papers, after his death, I found beginnings of Breitmann schemes which, as far as I know, were never carried further: one, a fragment of prose in which Breitmann, apparently, was launching himself upon a learned metaphysical discourse; another, a fragment of a ballad of "Herr Wenzel's Wooing," which may possibly have been finished and published, for my uncle sent Breitmann poems sometimes to the comic papers, but which I have never yet seen in print. A more elaborate venture was finished and printed: the *Breitmann in Germany*, *Tyrol*, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in London, a few years before his death. I am glad to think that during his lifetime there was no reason for him to anticipate any waning in Breitmann's popularity.

There were moments, however, when I suspect he would have persuaded himself that he was ready to welcome any chance of this waning. One result of Breitmann's popularity was that the hero and his author were often confounded, identified, until Leland grew to be — to my mind — ultrasensitive in the matter. He had, as the years went on, become deeply interested in various problems — the question of practical education, the introduction of manual work into the public schools, the cultivation of will power. Only those who were thrown with him at the time can understand what these problems meant to him, and the energy and devotion he gave to their solution. He was therefore irritated when his work in such different, such serious, fields, was seldom mentioned without a reference to him as Hans Breitmann and a smile, which he fancied one of contempt for his study and research and experiments, though it was more likely offered as the appropriate tribute to the writer who had first endeared himself to the public as humourist. It is the old story of the comedian upon whom his worshippers shut the door to tragedy. My uncle also believed that his work among the Gypsies and the Algonquin Indians was slighted for the same reason, and he saw Leland, the student, the scholar, the reformer, overshadowed by Breitmann, the beer-drinker, the swashbuckler, the "rough cavalier."

I do not think he ever underrated Breitmann and I should not want to give that impression. He knew as well as anybody that a type like Breitmann is born only of genius and he took the right sort of pride in his creation. Otherwise, he would hardly have made it one of his last undertakings to start Breitmann upon that new cycle of adventure in the Tyrol. Nor would he have been at so much pains to annotate one or two copies of the *Ballads*, then in his possession and now in the Philadelphia Library. In his copy of the Complete Trübner Edition of 1871, he showed his interest plainly by writing on the margin a new verse to the immortal "Barty"; in his copy of the 1889 edition, going to still greater pains, he wrote note after note commenting and explaining, recalling dates and incidents. It gave me pleasure to publish this verse for the first time when I wrote his Biography; there, also for the first time, to make use of the material in the notes. Altogether, he compiled, in one place and another, so full a record of Breitmann that, though the future critic of the *Ballads* may find some work left to his hand, there will be small chance for their historian. New criticism will always be possible, but I doubt if there remain any new facts to discover. Now, no author will go to so much trouble about his writings unless he believes in them, unless he counts upon being survived by them. It was not from any distrust in Breitmann that

Leland objected to having "the accursed name" imposed upon him, as he put it once in a letter to a publisher who had ventured to advertise him as Hans Breitmann. What he resented was to be looked upon as a sort of Breitmann himself, able to do nothing, to write nothing, in which a joke was not suspected, an excuse for laughter snatched. I have always wondered if it were not because of his sensitiveness on this score that he made no effort, to my knowledge, to revive Breitmann in America when, with the closing of the Peterson publishing-house, the *Ballads* were out of print. In England, where the firm of Trübner was eventually amalgamated with Kegan Paul and Trench, Breitmann has all along continued to appear in two or three different editions. It is a sad reflection upon the American's appreciation of his distinguished countryman that in America, not in England, this most original work of Charles Godfrey Leland has been neglected for some years past.

But a hero like Breitmann is bound to emerge triumphantly from neglect. If he were but the embodiment of a passing joke, even of a passing phase, a passing civilization, he might have disappeared beyond hope of resurrection. But he is a great deal more than that. His life and adventures are the theme of verses that often have the true charm of poetry, and of macaronics that have been declared the best ever written, while he himself is a man of all time, not of a day, and he has in him the elements of universal humour. That is to say he is of the family of Panurge and Falstaff, with philosophy in his humour and the fundamental seriousness that gives value to his laugh. It is the manhood in him that makes him a welcome figure in our present world of weaklings and sentimentalists. There is no sham sentiment in Breitmann, none of the modern effeminacy that would exaggerate weakness into a virtue. The modern drift of benevolent legislation has been to set the feeble on high places and to ignore the strong, to shed the tear of sensibility where to yell a battle-cry might so much better rouse the sleepers and the degenerates. I do not know that I would make a model of Breitmann, that I would hold him up as a shining light to the young. But neither am I sure that, in the end, the latter-day hero in his negative heroism is not a less healthy example. "As a German gentleman who drinks, fights, and plunders," Breitmann seemed to his creator, and it is an excellent description, an admirable summing-up of Breitmann's most salient qualities. Drinking, fighting, and plundering are, I admit, not to be encouraged. But there is virility in the spirit that makes them possible; there is none in the spirit that exalts comfort and coddling and super-sensitiveness into ideals. From the brute the race has gained, and always will gain, more than from the molly-coddle. Besides, Breitmann, "ferocious, tremendous old warrior" as he may be, is not mere brute. Hard fighter, hard drinker, thorough plunderer, he still can and does think, and moreover he thinks with humour. The *Ballads* are steeped in metaphysics beyond the reach of many; the humour in them is within the grasp of all, and the humour redeems him as it does Falstaff and Panurge. Had he been created to-day his humour might have found a very different expression. No doubt Shakespeare and Rabelais in the twentieth century would not have given us the Falstaff and Panurge we know; no doubt in industrial Germany Eulenspiegel would find other pranks to play, no doubt a new Pierrot in the new France would prove but a far distant relation to the old. But for all that we would not have these old friends changed; we understand them none the less well because they spring from times and conditions that are not ours. In the same way, we take Breitmann for what he is and what he represents and we rejoice that he survives for us to take at all. My uncle was fond of quoting the reviewer who, when he wrote that the child was perhaps born who would see the last Gypsy, said that "somehow we are sorry for that child." I think that somehow we should be sorrier still if we thought that the child was perhaps born, or even could be born, who would hear the world's last laugh for Breitmann and his "Barty."

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

NOTE. — The uncertainty I have confessed as to the early editions of "Breitmann" received an unexpected justification shortly after my Introduction was written, when I heard for the first time of an edition published in 1869 by the Lippincotts in Philadelphia. The description was sent me by Mr. Joseph Jackson, of that city, who probably knows more of my uncle's books and editions than any man living. He has also told me of a pirated "Breitmann" issued in New York, which, however, he has never seen; nor have I.

Author's Preface

WHEN *Hans Breitmann's Party, with other Ballads*, appeared, the only claim made on its behalf was, that it constituted the first book ever written in English as imperfectly spoken by Germans. The author consequently held himself bound to give his broken English in a truthful form. So far as observation and care, aided by the suggestions of well-educated German friends, could enable him to do this, it was done. But the more extensive were his observations, the more did the fact force itself upon his mind, that there is actually no well-defined method or standard of "German-English," since not only do no two men speak it alike, but no one individual is invariably consistent in his errors or accuracies. Every reader who knows any foreign language imperfectly is aware that *he speaks it better at one time than another*, and it would consequently have been a grave error to reduce the broken and irregular jargon of the book to a fixed and regular language, or to require that the author should invariably write exactly the same mispronunciations with strict consistency on all occasions.

The opinion — entirely foreign to any intention of the author — that Hans Breitmann is an embodied satire on everything German has found very few supporters, and it is with the greatest gratification that he has learned that educated and intelligent Germans regard Hans as a jocose burlesque of a type which is every day becoming rarer. And if Teutonic philosophy and sentiment, beer, music, and romance, have been made the medium for what many reviewers have kindly declared to be laughter-moving, let the reader be assured that not a single word was meant in a bitter or unkindly spirit. It is true that there is always a standpoint from which any effort may be misjudged, but this standpoint certainly did not occur to the writer when he wrote, with anything but misgiving, of his "hearty, hard-fighting, good-natured old ex-student," who, in the political ballads and others, appears to no moral disadvantage by the side of his associates.

Breitmann in several ballads is indeed a very literal copy or combination of characteristics of men who really exist or existed, and who had in their lives embraced as many extremes of thought as the Captain. America abounds with Germans who, having received in their youth a "classical education," have passed through varied adventures and often present the most startling paradoxes of thought and personal appearance. I have seen a man bearing a keg, a porter, who could speak Latin fluently. I have been in a beer-shop kept by a man who was distinguished in the Frankfort Parliament. I have found a graduate of the University of Munich in a negro minstrel troupe. And while mentioning these as a proof that Breitmann, as I have depicted him, is not a contradictory character, I cannot refrain from a word of praise as to the energy and patience with which the German "under a cloud" in America bears his reverses, and works cheerfully and uncomplainingly, until, by sheer perseverance, he, in most cases, conquers fortune. In this respect the Germans, as a race, and I might almost say as individuals, are superior to any others on the American continent. And if I have jested with the German new philosophy, it is with the more seriousness that I here acknowledge the deepest respect for that true practical philosophy of life — that well-balanced mixture of stoicism and epicurism — which enables Germans to endure and to *enjoy* under circumstances when other men would probably despair.

Breitmann is one of the battered types of the men of '48 — a person whose education more than his heart has in every way led him to entire scepticism or indifference — and one whose Lutheranism does not go beyond "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." Beneath his unlimited faith in pleasure lie natural shrewdness, an excellent early education, and certain principles of honesty and good fellowship, which are all the more clearly defined from his moral looseness in details which are identified in the Anglo-Saxon mind with total depravity. In such a man, the appreciation of the beautiful in nature may be keen, but it will continually vanish before humour or mere fun; while, having no deep root in life or interests in common with the settled Anglo-Saxon citizen, he cannot fail to appear at times to the latter as a near relation to Mephistopheles. But his "mockery" is as accidental and naïf as that of Jewish Young Germany is keen and deliberate; and the former differs from the latter as the drollery of Abraham ā Santa Clara differs from the brilliant satire of Heine.

The reader should be fairly warned that these poems abound in words, phrases, suggestions, and even couplets, borrowed to such an extent from old ballads and other sources as to make acknowledgment in many cases seem affectation. Where this has appeared to be worth the while, it has been done. The lyrics were written for a laugh — without anticipating publication, so far as a number of the principal ones in the first series were concerned, and certainly without the least idea that they would be extensively and closely criticised by eminent and able reviewers. Before its compilation the "Barty" had almost passed from the writer's memory, several other songs of the same character by him were quite forgotten, while a number had formed portions of letters to friends, by one of whom a few were published in a newspaper. When finally urged by many who were pleased with "Breitmann" to issue these humble lyrics in book form, it was with some difficulty that the first volume was brought together.

The excuse for the foregoing observations is the unexpected success of a book which is of itself of so eccentric a character as to require some explanation. For its reception from the public, and the kindness and consideration with which it has been treated by the press, the author can never be sufficiently grateful.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

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Hans Breitmann's Ballads

Hans Breitmann's Barty

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Dey had biano-blayin',
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound ;
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
De pootiest Fräulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;

I dinks dot so vine a barty
   Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
   Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
   Did make demselfs to house;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
   De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
   Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
   Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
   Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
   Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany vighted mit daple-lecks
   Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
   Vhere ish dot barty now?
Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud
   Dot float on de moundain's prow?
Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern —
   De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer —
   Afay in de ewigkeit!

Breitmann and the Turners

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Novemper in de fall,
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender
All in de Turner Hall.
Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein
Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,
Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed on de fifes
Till dey could n't refife no more.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,
Und poots him a course of shprouts.
Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;
Dey make shimnastig dricks;
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
Und put oop a fifdy-six.
Und den he drows it to de roof,
Und schwig off a treadful trink:

De veight coom toomple back on his headt,
  Und py shinks! he did n't vink!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners: —
  Mein Gott! how dey drinked und shwore;
Der vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
  Und Bavarians by de score.
Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,
  Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
  Und *he* vas a Holstein Dane.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
  Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom;
Vhen he open de box it schmell so loudt
  It knock de musik doomb.
Vhen de Deutschers kit de flavour,
  It coorl de haar on deir head;
Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere;
  Und, py tam! it kilt dem dead!

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;
  De ladies coomed in to see;
Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
  All in der gal-lerie.
Dey ashk: "Vhere ish der Breitmann?"
  Und dey dremple mit awe and fear
Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,
  A-trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :
  I dells you vot py tam !
Dey sings de great Urbummellied :
  De holy Sharman psalm.
Und vhen dey kits to de gorus
  You ought to hear dem dramp!
It scared der Teufel down below
  To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners : —
  By Donner! it vas grand,
Vhen de whole of dem goes valkin'
  Und dancin' on deir hand,
Mit deir veet all vavin' in de air,
  Gottstausend! vot a dricks!
Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down
  Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,
  Dey lay dere in a heap,
And slept dill de early sonnenshine
  Come in at de vindow creep ;
And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
  And dey go to kit deir feed:
Here hat dis song an ende —
  Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

Ballad

DER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meermaid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, “Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Vhere you goes mit yourself alone?”

And he says, “I rides in de creenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into ein Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer.”

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on:
“I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

“You 'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vhere dere 's heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin',
Und you catches dem efery von" : —
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot had n't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!
To shimmerin' crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down and fill your bockets,
Und I 'll giss you like eferydings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him — he shtood all shpellpound;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on.

A Ballad apout de Rowdies

De moon shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,
Und I vent to Coney Island,
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.
Mein Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
I gife her mein heart und vordt;
Boot ve tid n't know vot beoples
De Dampfschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,
We looket at de town
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,
Und wetter fanes doornin' round.
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner
Und dropled nopody dere,
Vhen all aroundt oos de rowdies
Peginned to plackguard und schvear.

A voman mit a papy
Vas sittin' in de blace;
Von tooket a chew tobacco
Und trowed it indo her vace.
De voman got coonvulshons,
De papy pegin to gry;

Und de rowdies shkreemed out a-laffin',
  Und saidt dat de fun vas "high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger,
  Katrina Bauer und I,
I openet de lit of mine pasket,
  Und pringed out a cherry bie.
A cherry kooken mit pretzels,
  "How goot!" Katrina said,
Vhen a rowdy snatched it from her,
  Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,
  I gifed him a biece my mind,
I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,
  Mit der teufel himself pehind.
Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,
  Und peats me plack and plue;
Und all de plackguards kick me,
  Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples
  Don't know de rowdies shtrike
Der poor hardtworkin' Sharman;
  He knows it more ash he like.
If de Deutsche speakers und bapers
  Are somedimes too hard on dis land,
Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven
  Along by de rowdy's hand!

The Picnic

De picknock oud at Spraker’s Wood : —
Id melt de soul und fire de plood.
Id sofly slid from cakes und cream ;
Boot busted oop on brandy shdeam.

Mit stims of tender craceful ring,
De gals begoon a song to sing ;
A bland mildt lied of olden dime —
Deutsch vas die doon, und Deutsch de rhyme.

Wi ’s uff der Stross’ wenn’s finschter ischt,
Und niemond in der Goss’ mehr ischt,
Nur Schöne Mädel wolle mer fonga,
Wie es gebil’te Leut’ verlonga.

At de picknock oud in Spraker’s Wood,
De bier was soft — de gals were good :
Oondil von feller, vild und rasch,
Called out for a Yankee brandy-smash !

A crow vot vas valkin’ on de vall,
Fell dead ven he hear dis Dootchmann call ;
For he knew dat droples coom, py shinks !
Ven de Dootch go in for Yankee drinks.

De Dootch got ravin' droonk ash sin,
Dey smash de windows out und in;
Dey bust und bang de bar-room ein,
Und call for a bucket of branntewein.

Avay, avay, demselfs dey floong,
Und a wild infernal lied dey sung:
'T vas, "Tam de wein, and cuss de bier!
Ve ton't care nix for de demprance here!

"O keep a-pringin' juleps in,
Und baldface corn dat burn like sin;
Mit apple tods und oldt shtone fence,
Ve'll all get corned ere ve go hence!"

Dey dash deir glasses on de cround,
Und tanz dill 't vas all to brick-duss ground,
Ven dey hear von man had a ten-dollar note,
De crowd go dead for dat rich man's troat.

A demperance chap vot coomed dere in,
Vent squanderin' out mit his shell burst in;
"It's walk your chalks, you loost your chance,
Dis vot dey call der Dootchmans' dance."

Boot ven de law, mit his myrmidon,
Vas hear of dese Dootchmen's carryin's-on,
Dey sent bolicemen shtern und good,
To *pull* dose Dootch in Spraker's Wood.

De Dootch vas all gone roarin' mad,
Und trinked mit Spraker all dey had ;
Dey shpend 'nuf money to last deir life,
Und each vas tantzin' mit anoder man's wife.

Dey all cot poonish difers vays,
Some vent to jug for dirty tays;
Und de von dat kilt de demperance man
Vas kit from de Alderman repriman'.

Und dus it ran: — "A warnin' dake,
For you mighdt hafe mate soom pig mishdake;
Now how vouldt you hafe feeled, py shing!
If dat man hat peen in de whiskey ring?

"Since you votes mine dicket, of course you know,
I 'm pound to led you shlide und go.
Boot nefer on whiskey trink your fill,
For you Dootchmen don't know who to kill."

Now Deutschers all — on dis warning dink,
Und don't get troonk on Yankee trink,
For neider you, or anoder man,
Can pe hocks like de New York rowdies can.

So trink goot bier, mit musik plest,
For if you tried your level best,
You can't be plackguarts — 't ain't in de plood :
Dus endet de shdory of Spraker's Wood.

I Gili Romaneskro

A Gipsy Ballad

When der Herr Breitmann vas a yungling, he vas go bummin' aroundt goot deal in de worldt, vestigatin' human natur, *roulant de vergne en vergne*, ash de Fraentsch boet says: "goin' from town to town"; seein' beobles in gemixed sociedy, und learnin' dose languages vitch ornamendt a drue moskopolite, or von whose kopf ish bemosst mit experience. Mong oder tongues, ash it would appeared, he shpoke fluendly, Red Welsh, Black Dootch, Kauder-Waelsch, Gaunersprache, und Shipsy; und dis latter languashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads in it, — von of vitch pallads I hafe intuce him mit moosh droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader vill, mit crate heavy-hood blace pefore himself de fexation und lapor I hafe hat in der Breitmann his absents, to ged dese Shipsy verses broperly gorrected; as de only shentleman in town who vas culpable of so doin', ish peen gonfined in de town-brison, pout some droples he hat for shdealin' some hens; und pefore I couldt consoolt mit him, he vas rooned afay. Denn I fond an oldt vomans Shipsy, who vas do nodings boot peg und so wider, mit pout five or four oders more. Derfore, de errordoms moost pe excused py de enlightened pooplic who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful languashe, vitch is now so shenerally fashionábel in literary und shpordin' circles.

F. Schwackenhammer.

I Gili Romaneskro

Schunava, ke baschno del a godla,
Schunava Paschomàskro.
Te del miro Dewel tumen
Dschavena bachtallo.

Schunava opré to ruka
Chirikló ke gillela:
Kamovéla but dives,
Eh'me pale kamaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste
Schunava pro gilaviben,
M'akana me avava,
Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

So korava kuribente,
So korava apre dróm;
Me kanáv miri romni,
So kamela la lákero rom.

Translation

I hear de gock a-growin'!
I hear de musikant!
Gott gife dee a happy shourney
Vhen you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pranches,
  A pird mit merry shdrain,
Goot many tays moost fanish
  Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times
  I 'll hear dat song from dee;
Boot now I goes ash soldier
  To war, o'er de rollin' sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,
  Und vot on de road I shdeal,
I 'll pring all to my true lofe
  Who lofes her lofer so well.

Steinli von Slang

I

Der watchman look out from his tower
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
Und saw on de road troo de Gauer
Ten shpearmen coom ridin' to him :
Und he schvear : "May I lose my next bitter,
Un denn mit der Teufel go hang !
If id is n't dat pully young Ritter,
De hell-drivin' Steinli von Slang.

"De vorldt nefer had any such man,
He vights like a sturm in its wrath :
You may call me a recular Dutchman,
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.
He ish big ash de shiant O'Brady,
More ash sefen feet high on a string,
Boot he can't vin de hearts of my lady,
De lofely Plectruda von Sling."

De lady make welcome her gast in,
Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair,
She look like an angel got lost in
A forest of audumn-prown hair.

Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried:
  "I wish I may bust mit a bang!
If id is n't a shame she ain't married
  To der her-re-liche Steinli von Slang!"

He pows to de cround fore de lady,
  Vhile his vace ish ash pale ash de tead;
Und she vhispers oonto him a rédè
  Ash mit arrow-point accents she said:
"You hafe long dimes peen dryin' to win me,
  You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,
Boot I 'm 'fraid dat de notion ain't in me,
  De Lady Plectruda von Sling.

"Boot brafehood teserfes a reward, sir;
  Dough you 've hardly a chost of a shanse.
Sankt Werolf! medinks id ish hard, sir,
  I should allaweil lead you dis dance."
Like a bees vhen it booz troo de clofer,
  Dese murmurin' accents she flang,
Vhile singin', a-stingin' her lofer,
  Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

"Boot if von ding you do, I'll knock under,
  Our droples moost enden damit.
Und if you pull troo it, — by donder!
  I 'll own myself euchred, und bit.
I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody!
  Py mine honor — und avery ding!

You may hafe me — soul, puttons, und pody,
Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling.

"Und dis ish de test of your power: —
Vhile ve shtand ourselfs round in a row,
You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,
Down shtairs to de valley pelow.
Id ish rough and ash shteep ash my virtue":
(Mit schwanenshweet accents she sang:)
"Ton't try if you dinks id vill hurt you,
Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang."

An moormoor arosed mong de beoples;
In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn,
Der vatchman on dop of de shdeeples
Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.
Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppé,
Dey schveared dey vouldt *pass* on de ding,
Und not roll down de firstest tam steppé
For a hoondred like Fräulein von Sling.

II

'T WAS audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin'
Und visperin' deir elfin wild talk,
Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin',
Herr Steinli coomed out for a walk.
Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin',
He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang;

Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin:
De heart-wounded Ritter von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin' und shbeakin',
He see, shoost ahead in his vay,
In sinkular manner a-streakin',
A strange liddle bein', in cray,
Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,
Und cuttin' a dwo bigeon ving,
Cried, " Say, can you change me a thaler,
O guest of de Lady von Sling?"

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller,
(De peggars all knowed him at sight,)
So he forked out each groschen und heller,
Dill he fix de finances aright.
Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he
(Der Ritter) astonished cried "Dang!"
For id vasn't *von* thaler boot *tventy*,
He 'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater! soopose soosh a vlight in
De vingers of *me*, or of *you*,
How we 'd toorned on our heels, und gone kitin'
Dill no von vos left to pursue!
Good Lort! how *we 'd* froze to de ready!
Boot mit him 'd vas a different ding;
For *he* vent on de high, moral steady,
Dis lofer of Fräulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit
    To dis part of mine dale, shdill id 's drue,
He drafelled ash if he vould dead it,
    Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.
Und loudly he after him hollers,
    Till de vales mit de cliffers loud rang:
"You hafe gifed me nine-ten too moosh dollars,
    Hold hard!" cried de Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,
    Und laidt a cold hand on his prow,
Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,
    "Vot manner of mordal art dou?
I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,
    Und nefer yed met soosh a ding!
Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and
    Peloved by de Lady von Sling!

"Und she vant you to roll from de tower
    Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot."
(Here de knight, whom amazement o'erbower,
    Cried, "Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott!")
Boot de oldt veller saidt: "I 'll arrange it,
    Let your droples und sorrows co hang!
Und nodings vill coom to derange it —
    Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

"So get oop dis small oonderstandin',
    Dat to-morrow by ten, do you hear?

You 'll pe mit your *trunk* at de landin';
  I 'll also be dere—nefer fear!
Und I dinks we shall make your young voman
  A new kind of meloty sing;
Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,
  Gott-tamnaple Fräulein von Sling."

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,
  Vhite moths und vhite dofes shimmered round,
All nature seemed seekin' to lofe him,
  Mit perfume und vision und sound.
De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,
  In a harp-like, melotious twang;
Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
  Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

III

Id vas morn, und de vorldt hat assempled
  Mid panners und lances und dust,
Boot de heart of de Paroness trempled,
  Und ofden her folly she cussed.
For she found dat der Ritter vould *do it*,
  Und "die or get into de Ring,"
Und denn she 'd pe cerdain to rue it,
  Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher
  Dan he mit de Minnesing crew,

He vas friendet to Heini von Steier,
  Und Wolfram von Eschenbach too.
Und she dinked ash she look from de vinders,
  How herzlich his braises dey sang;
"Now dey 'll knock my goot name indo flinders,
  For killin' der Ritter von Slang."

Boot oh! der goot knight had a Schauer,
  Und felt most ongommonly queer,
Vhen he find on de top of de dower
  De goblum, pesite him, abbear.
Denn he find he no more could go valkin',
  Und shtood, shoost an potrified ding,
Vhile de goblum vent round apout talkin',
  Und chaffin' Plectruda von Sling.

Denn at vonce he see indo de problum,
  Und vas stoggered like rats at ids *vim:*
His soul had gone indo de goblum,
  Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.
Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,
  Dere vas "glamour" oopon de whole gang;
For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted
  So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt! how he dalked! Oonder heafens
  Dere vas nefer soosh derriple witz,
Knockin' all dings to sechses and sefens,
  Und gifin' Plectruda Dutch fits.

Mein Gott! how he poonished und chaffed her
  Like a hell-stingin', devil-born ding;
Vhile de volk lay a-rollin' mit laughter
  At Fräulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,
  De lady grew ratful und red,
She felt some Satanical jailer
  Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
She moost laugh vhen she vant to pe cryin',
  Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,
Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin',
  To dis derriple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceiling
  Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,
Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin',
  Dill she look more a vool dan pefore.
Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,
  His laughs made it all apout ring;
Ash he shveared dere vas noding more easy
  Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und vhen he cot down to de pottom,
  He laugh so to freezen your plood;
Und schwear dat de boomps ash he cot 'em
  Hafe make him feel petter ash good.
Boot oh! how dey shook at his power,
  Vhen he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,

Und *roll oop* to de dop of de tower,
  To change forms mit de *oder* Von Slang!

Denn all in an insdand vas altered,
  Der Steinli vas coom to himself;
Und de sprite, vitch in double sense paltered,
  From dat moment acain vas an elf.
Dey shdill dinked dat *he* vas de person
  Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,
Und knew not who 't vas lay de curse on
  De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun — endlich — Plectruda repented,
  Und gazed on de Ritter mit shoy;
In dime to pe married consented,
  Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy,
A dwenty gold biece on his bosom
  Vhen geporn vas tiscofered to hang
Mit de inscript — "Dis dime don't refuse 'em" —
  So endet de tale of Von Slang.

Dresden, 1870.

To a Friend Studying German

"Si liceret te amare
Ad Suevorum magnum mare
Sponsam te perducerem."
Tristicia Amorosa. Frau Aventiure, von J. V. Scheffel.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Denn set it on your card,
Dat all the nouns have shenders,
Und de shenders all are hard.
Dere ish also dings called pronoms,
Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know;
Boot ach! de verbs or time-words —
Dey 'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Denn you allatag moost go
To sinfonies, sonatas,
Or an oratorio.
Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout musik,
More ash any other man,
Be sure de soul of Deutschland
Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Dou moost eat apout a peck

A week, of stinging sauerkraut,
Und sefen pfoundts of speck.
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
Und deuce knows vot in rum:
Dis ish de only cerdain vay
To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Brepare dein soul to shtand
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt
In any oder land.
Till dou canst make parentheses
Intwisted — ohne zahl —
Dann wirst du erst Deutschvertig seyn,
For a languashe ideál.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Du must mitout an fear
Trink afery tay an gallon dry,
Of foamin' Sherman bier.
Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
More Deutsch you 'll surely pe;
For Gambrinus ish de Emperor
Of de whole of Germany.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Be sholly, brav, und treu,
For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
Who ish not a sholly poy.

Find out vot means Gemuthlichkeit,
Und do it mitout fail,
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,
A brick — ganz kreuzfidél.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,
Und get a schveetesheart,
From Schwabenland or Sachsen
Vhere now dis writer pees,
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,
Denn on de oder hand,
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
In de vinegreen Sherman land.
Und if you shoost kit married
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
You 'll learn to sprechen Deutsch, mein kind,
Ash fast ash you tesire.

DRESDEN, *January*, 1870.

Love Song

"Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea sponsa."

SVERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,
De fery shmallest loomp
Vouldt shveet de seas, from pole to pole,
Und make de shildren shoomp.
Und if she vere a clofer-field,
I 'd bet my only pence,
It vould n't pe no dime at all
Pefore I 'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,
It oft-dimes seems to hoort,
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De renpow rises vhen she sings,
De sonn shine vhen she dalk ;
De angels crow und flap deir vings
Vhen she goes out to valk.

So livin' white, so carnadine,
Mine lofe's gomblexion show ;
It 's shoost like Abendcarmosine,
Rich gleamin' on de shnow.

Her soul makes plushes in her sheek
  Ash sommer reds de wein,
Or sonnlight sends a fire life troo
  An blank Karfunkelstein.

De überschwengliche idées
  Dis lofe poot in my mind,
Vouldt make a foost-rate philosoph
  Of any human kind.
'T is schudderin' schveet on eart' to meet
  An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual,
Und treat mit whiles to Kümmel Schnapps
  De Schœnheitsideál.

Dein Füss seind weiss wie Kreiden,
  Dein Ermlein Helfenbein,
Dein ganzer Leib ist Seiden,
  Dein Brust wie Marmelstein —
Ja — vot de older boet sang,
  I sing of dee — dou Fine!
Dou 'rt soul und pody, heart und life:
  Glatt, zart, gelind, und rein.

Der Freischütz

AIR — “*Der Pabst lebt,*” *&c.*

WIE gehts, my frendts? — if you ’ll allow —
I sings you rite afay shoost now
Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls
DER FREYSCHÜTZ, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Vhere folk trink prandy mate of plooms;
Dere lifed ein Yaeger — Maxerl Schmit —
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yaeger, who
Says, “Maxerl, dis vill nefer do;
If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,
Dere ’ll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

“If you do miss, you shtupid coose,
Dere ’ll pe de donnerwetter lose;
For you shan’t hafe mine taughter’s hand,
Nor pe der Hertzhog’s yaegersmann.”

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,
Dat all de shaps togeder met;

Und Max he fired his goon und missed,
Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind ;
Boot von shap — Kaspar — saidt, "Ton't mind ;
I dells you vot, you stoons 'em alls
If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls."

"De magic balls ! oh, vot is dat ?"
"I cot soom in my hoontin' hat ;
Dey 're plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue :
Oh, dem 's de kindt of balls for you.

"You see dat eagle vlyin' high,
Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky ;
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him tead ash doonderblix !"

"I ton't pelieve de dings you say."
"You fool," says Kasp, "denn plaze afay !"
He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

"O was ist das?" said Maxerl Schmit :
"Vhy ! dat 's de eagle vot you hit.
You kills him vhen you plaze afay ;
Boot dat 's a ding you nix verstay.

"Und you moost go to make dem balls
To de Wolf's Glen vhen mitnight valls.

Dow know'st de shpot—alone und late"—
"Oh, ja—I knows him *ganz* foost-rate!

"Boot denn I does not like to co
Among dem dings." Says Kasp, "Ach, sho!
I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,
Like a goot veller—dake some schnapps!"

("Hilf Zamiel! hilf")—"Here, dake some more!"
Denn Kasp vent shtompin' roundt de vloor,
Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,
Dill Max said, "*Nun—ich gehe mit!*"

All in de finster mitternocht,
Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,
Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry
His tyfel-strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,
De howls und shpooks pegin to sing,
Und all de tyfels oonder croundt
Coom preakin' loose und rooshin' roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along: says he,
"Mein Gott! vot dings ish dis I see!
I dinks de fery tyfel und all
Moost help to make dem magic ball.

"I vish dat I had *nix cum raus*,
Und shtaid mineself in bett to house."

"Hilf Zamiel!" cried Kasp; "you whelp—
You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help!"

Denn oop dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,
De todtengrips aroundt tid schvarm;
De howl shoomped oop und flopt his vings
Und toorned his het like averydings.

Oop troo de croundt dere coomed a pot
Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot;
Und hoellisch fire in grimson plaze,
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine shtick flew,
Mit seferal shail-pirds vastened to;
Six treadtful shail-pirds mit deir vings
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go;
De hounds und teer all mate of pone,
Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,
Who, shpitten' fire avay tid dig;
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-shnake
A scootin' droo de air tid preak.

Boot Kaspar tid n't mindt dem alls,
Boot casted out de pullet balls;

Six vas to go ash he vouldt like,
De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad last, oopon de drial tay,
De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,
Und denn dey goed und maked a tantz,
Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertshog — dat 's der Duke —
Cooms down und dinks he 'll dake a look :
"Young mans," to Maxerl denn saidt he,
"Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree!"

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,
"Potzblitz!" says he, "dat dove I 'll fix!"
He fired his rifle at de *Taub*',
When Kass rollt ofer in de *Staub*.

De pride she falled too in de doost,
De gals dey cried, de men dey coosed:
Der Hertshog says, "Id 's fery glear
Dat dere has peen some tyfels here!

"Und Max has shot mit tyfels-blei!
Pfui! — die verfluchte Hexerei!
O Maximilian! O Du
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu!"

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late;
Says he, "I'll fix dese dings foost-rate":

Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men
Vill raise der tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,
Und mate of him a Yægersmann,
Vhat shoodts mit bixen goon, und pfeil,
Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife;
Denn all de beoples gried, "Hoorah!
Das ist recht brav! und hopsasa!"

Moral

Py dis dings may pe oondershtood
Dat vhat is pad vorks ofden goot:
Or, *Maximilia Maximil-*
ibus curantur — if you will.

Wein Geist

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de strassen,
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
I doomplet de soper folk;
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkreem "deat'!" und "murder!"
Und holler aloudt "bolice!"

Und vhen der crim night waechter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oomberella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
  Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik
  Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
  De hearts-leaf linden dree;
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe
  Dat vent like de vind from me.
Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,
  If a damsel or dream vas she!

Dis life is all a lindens
  Mit holes dat show de plue
Und pedween de finite pranches
  Cooms Himmel-light shinin' troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
  Und efery leaf ish a fay,
Und dey vait dill de windsbraut comet,
  To pear dem in fall afay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,
  Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,
—Jahrdausend in, oud, it standet'—
  Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here, vonce on a dimes, a vitches,
  Soom melodies here peginned,

De harpe ward all zu steine,
Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,
Vitch hardens de outer Me;
Ueber stein und schwein, de weine
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet',
Ober stein und wein und svines,
Dill it endeth vhere all peginnet,
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,
Und it burns by waken wein,
In Mädchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch
Das Absolut ist dein.

Schnitzerl's Philosopede

> "Die Speer die er thut führen die ist sehr gross und lang,
> Das sollt du glauben mire, gemacht von Vogelgsang.
> Sein Ross das ist die Heide, das sollt du glauben mir,
> Darauf er nun thut reiten, führwahr das sag ich dir."
> — *Ein schön nerr Lied von dem Mai und von dem Herbst.*
> Sixteenth century.

I

Prologue

Herr Schnitzerl make a ph'losopede,
Von of de pullyest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure ash ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axel-dree,
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it off
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat eferydings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trottin nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt:
"*Potztausend! Was ist das?*"
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On — mit a ghastly shmile;
He tid n't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbiness?
Ve find a panknode in de shtreedt,
Next dings der pank ish preak!
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
Vhen ve a ten-shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
On his philosopede.
His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost
Vhen at his exdra shpeed.
He felled oopon der vheel, of coorse;
De vheel like blitzen flew!
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
For it shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
Id cot so shkared, men say,

It pounded onward till it vent
Ganz tyfelwards afay.
Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
Vhere dos his shbirit pide?
In Himmel droo de endless plue,
It takes a medeor ride.

II

Hans Breitmann and his Philosopede

When Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
Vas quardered into dwo,
Und how his crate philosopede
To 'm tyfel had peen flew,
He dinked und dinked so heafy,
Ash only Deutschers can,
Denn saidt, "Who mighdt peliefet
Dish is de ent of man?

"De human souls of beoples
Exisdt in deir idées,
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
Mighdt drafel many vays.
In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
Der Fichte makes pelieve,
Dat ve brogress oon-endtly
In vhat pehindt ve leave.

"De shparrow falls ground-downvarts
  Or drafels to de West;
De shparrows dat coom afder,
  Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
Man had not vings or fedders,
  Und in oder dings, 'tis set,
He tont coom up to shparrows,
  But on nests he goes ahet.

"O! vliest dou droo bornin' vorldts,
  Und nebuloser foam,
By monsdrous mitnight shiant forms,
  Or vhere red tyfels roam;
Or vhere de ghosdts of shky-rockets
  Peyond creation flee?
Vhere'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,
  Crate Saindt! Look town on me!

"Und deach me how you maket
  Dat crate philosopede,
Vhich roon dwice six mals vaster
  Ash any Arap shteed.
Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,
  Und knock dem oud de shpots.
Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,
  Und pring id down to dots!"

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,
  Hans dinked he saw a vlash,

Und oonterwards de dable
He doompelt mit a crash,
Und to him, moong de glasses,
Und pottles ash vas proke,
Mit his het in a cigar-box,
A foice from Himmel shpoke:

"*Adsum*, *Domine* Breitmann!
Herr Copitain, here I pe!
So dell me rite *honeste*,
Quare inquietasti me?
Te video inter spoonibus,
Et largis glassis too,
Cerevisia repletis,
Sicut percussus tonitru!"

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl;
"*Coarctor nimis*, see!
Siquidem Philistiim
Pugnant adversum me.
Ergo vocavi te,
Ash Saul *vocavit* Sam-
Uel, *ut mi ostenderes*
Quid teufel *faciam?*"

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)
Saidt "*Bene*, dat 's de talk,
Non habes in hoc shanty,
A shingle *et* some chalk?

Non video inkum nec calamos
(I shpose some bummer shdole 'em)
Levate oculos tuos, son,
Et aspice ad linteolum!"

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk
Vhich riset vrom de vloor,
Und signed a fine philosopede
Alone oopon de toor.
De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,
Und oonderneat' he see:
Probate inter equites,
(Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtoot oop from de vloor,
Und leanet on a post;
Und saidt: "If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,
Dat vouldt, mighdt peen a ghosdt;
Boot if id pe nouomenon,
Phenomenoned indeed,
Or de soobyectif obyectified,
I'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
Ash vork in iron-steel,
To make him a philosopede
Mit shoost an only vheel.
De dings vas maket simple,
Ash all crate idées shouldt pe,

For 't vas noding boot a gart-vheel,
Mit a dwo feet axel-dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,
In learnin' for to ride,
Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains
Dat rollen in de tide.
De dimes he cot oopsettet,
In shdeerin' left und righdt,
Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars
Dat shtud de shky py nighdt.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures
In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,
Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
Pefore he get oopset,
Somedimes he co like plazes,
Und doorn her, extra-fine ;
Und denn shlop ofer — dis is vot
Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
To make dis 'vention go,
Vas nefer seen py mordal man,
Oopon dis vorldt pelow.
He doomplet righdt — he doomplet left,
He hafe a dousand doomps ;
Dere nefer vas a gricket ball
Ash get soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot — ash he 'd shvearet he 'd poot it droo,
He shvear it moost pe tone;
Dough he schimpft' und flucht, *gar laesterlich*,
He visht he 't ne'er pegun.
Mit "Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz-sakrament!"
He maket de Houser ring,
Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,
For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun goot! At lasht he cot it,
Und peautifool he goed,
'Dis day," saidt he, "I 'll 'stonish folk
A-ridin' in de road.
Dis day, py shings! I 'll do it,
Und knock dings oud of sight": —
Ach weh! — for Breitemann dat day
Vas not bemarkt mit vhite.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk
Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,
I dink, in soper earnst-hood,
Mighdt not ge-reckonet pe.
For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
Mein Gott! — boot dey wer'n dry;
Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries
De fery coondry shook,

Und beople's shkreemt, "Da ist er!—Schau!
Here cooms der Breitmann, look!"
Mein Gott! vas efer soosh a sighdt!
Vas efer soosh a gry!
Vhen like a brick-pat in a vighdt,
Der Breitemann roosh py?

O mordal man! Vhy ish idt, dou
Hast passion to go vast?
Vhy ish id dat te tog und horse
Likes shbeed too quick to lasht?
De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
Und all dat ish, 't vouldt seem,
Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepdt,
Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew! Von mighdy gry
Ash he vent scootin' bast;
Von derriple, drementous yell;—
Dat day de virst—und lasht.
Vot ha! vot ho! Vhy ish it dus?
Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht?
Vhy cooms dat vail of vild deshbair?
Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,
Shbeak, soul!—it ish dy biz!
Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along,
Dey fairly heard him whizz.

Vhen shoost oopon a hill-top point
  It caught a pranch ge-bent,
Und like an apple from a shling,
  Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet,
  Allowin' more or less: —
Denn, *pob*—*pob*—*pob*—a mile or dwo
  He rollet along—I guess.
Say— hast dou seen a gannon-ball
  Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,
Like made of gummi-lasticum?—
  So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him oop—dey pring him in —
  No wort der Breitmann shboke.
Der doktor look—he shwear erstaunt
  Dat nodings ish peen proke.
"He rollt de rocky road entlang,
  He pounce o'er shtock und shtone,
You 'd dink he 'd knocked his outsites in,
  Yet nefer preak a pone!"

All shtill Hans lay—bevilderfied—
  He seemt not mind de shaps,
Nor mofed oontil der medicus
  Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
De schmell voke oop de boetry
  Of tays vhen he vas yoong,

Und he murmulte de fragmends
Of an sad romantish song:

"Ash sommer pring de roses
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm, Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!

"Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
Vitch plow o'er burg und hill,
Hard times pring in de landlord,
Und de landlord pring the pill.
Boot sing Maidelein — rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!"

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts.
Boot efer on de vay
He nefer shpeaket no man,
Und nodings else couldt say,
Boot, "Maidelein — rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw,
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!"

Dey laid der Hans im bette,
  Peneat' de eider-down,
Und sembelet all de doktors
  Who doktor in de town,
Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,
  For Breitmann alvays says,
De Deutschers ish de onlies
  Mit originell idées.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,
  Dat vork ash Caféopath,
Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
  Who use de milchy bath :
Und Korschalitschky aus Boehmen,
  Vhat cure mit slibovitz,
Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
  Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Strobbich aus Westfalen,
  Who mofe all eart'ly ills
Mit concentrirter Schinken juice,
  Und Pumpernickel pills.
Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
  Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
Und von who shkare tiseases
  Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,
  Mit Doktor Winkeleck,

Who proctise "renovation"
  Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
  Or dreatet ash a tunce,
Dey 'greed to dry deir sysdems
  Oopon Breitmann — all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de exscepdion
  Of gifin' Schlesier-wein ;
For de remedy vas dangerfull
  For von who trink from Rhein.
Ash ter teufel vonce deklaret,
  Vhen he taste it on a shpree,
Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,
  Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
  Und woonderfool to dell,
He coom to his Gesundheit,
  Und pooty soon cot vell.
Some hinted at *Natura*,
  Mit her olt *vis sanatrix*,
Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,
  Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
  More newly has pegun ;
Boot dey say he talks day-dayly
  Mit Dana of de *Sun*.

Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,
   Und volk say de end vill be
Philosopedal shanges
   In de Union Cavallrie.

Gott helf de howlin' safage!
   Gott helf de Indi-án !
Shouldt Breitmann shoin his forces
   Mit Sheneral Sheridan !
Und denn, to sing his braises,
   I 'll write an oder lied :
Hier hat dis dale an ende,
   Of Breitmann's Philosopede!

Die Schöne Wittwe

[DE POOTY VIDOW]

I

Vot de Yankee Chap sung

DAT pooty liddle vidow,
  Vot ve dosh 'nt vish to name,
Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,
  A-doin' shoost de same.
De glerks aroundt de gorners
  Somedimes goes round to zee
How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,
  Und ask 'er how she pe.
Dey lofes her ver' goot liquœr,
  Dey lofes her little shtore;
Dey lofes her little paby,
  But dey lofes die vidow more.
To dalk mit dat shveet vidow,
  Ven she hands das lager round,
Vill make der shap dat does id
  Pe happy, ve 'll be pound.
Dat ish if we can vell pelieve
  De glerks vat drinks das beer,
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
  Put simply for to zee her.

II

How Der Breitmann Cut Him Out

OH yes, I know die wittwe,
Mit eyes so prite und proun!
She 's de allerschoenste wittwe
Vot live in dis here down.
In her plack silk gown — mine grashious! —
All puttoned to de neck —
Und a pooty liddle collar,
Mitout a shpot or shpeck.
Ho! clear de drack, you oder *fraus* —
You can't pegin to shine
Vhen de lofely vidder cooms along —
Dis vidder ash ish mine!
Ho! clear de drack, you Yankee chaps,
You Englishers und sooch,
You can't pegin to coot me out,
Mitout you dalks in Dootch.
Ich hab die schoene wittwe
Schon lange nit gesehn,
Ich sah sie gestern Abend
Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.
Die Wangen rein wie Milch und Blut,
Die Augen hell und klar.
Ich hab sie sechsmal auch geküsst —
Potztausend! das ist wahr.

Breitmann in Battle

"Tunc tapfre ausfuhrere Streitum et Rittris dignum potuere eriagere lobum."
"Hiltibraht enti Hadubrant."

Der Fader und der Son

I DINKS I'll go a-vightin'," outshpoke der Breitemann,
"It 's eighdeen hoonderd fordy-eight since I kits swordt in hand;
Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf been,
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for sailin' in."

"If you go land out-ridin'," said Caspar Pickletongue,
"Foost ding you knows you cooms across some repels prave and young,
Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey 'll split you like a clam"—
"For dat," spoke out der Breitmann, "I doos not gare one tam!

"Who der Teufel pe's de repels, und vhere dey kits deir sass?
If dey make a run on Breitmann he 'll soon let out de gas;
I 'll shplit dem like kartoffels; I 'll schlog em on de kop;
I 'll set de plackguarts roonin' so, dey don't know vhere to shtop."

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger py his side:
"Forvarts, my pully landsmen! it's dime to run and ride;
Vill riden, vill vighten—der Copitain I'll pe,
It's sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de Cavallrie!"

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to be seen,
Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a-riden' on de creen;
Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gommand,
Says he, "Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein Faderland?

"You're dressed oop like a shentleman mit your plackguart Yankee crew,
You mudsills and meganics! Der Teufel put you droo!
Old Yank, you ought to shtay at home und dake your liddle horn,
Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse"—der Breitmann laugh mit shkorn.

"Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost mineself to home?
I'fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat' my thoom:
In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman will be feared
Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade—'twas dere he grayed his peard."

"I pools dat peard out py de roots—I gifes him such a dwist

Dill all de plood roons out, you tammed old Apolitionist!
Your creenpacks, mit your swordt und vatch, right ofer you moost shell,
Und den you goes to Libby straight — und after dat to h–ll!"

"Mein creenpacks und mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in New York,
To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de talk;"
De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed deir sabres dwice,
Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig ding on ice.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty shmack
Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit and crack;
Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe his life:
Der Breitmann says: "I guess dem shoomps, you learns dem of your vife."

"If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a shame,
Bei Gott, I am a shentleman, aristograt, and game.
My fader vos anoder — I lose him fery young —
Der teufel take your soul! Coom on! I'll split your vaggin' tongue!"

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried — dat oldt gray-pearded man —

For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat sword he ran.
All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms oldt Breitmann pound,
Und shlinged him down oopon his pack and laidt him on der ground.

"Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep vhite — if he can,
Say vot you dinks of vightin' now mit dis oldt shentleman?
Your dime is oop; you got to die, und I your breest vill pe;
Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas? If so, I lets you free."

"I don't know nix apout ideas — no more dan 'pout Saint Paul,
Since I'fe peen down in Tixey I kits no books at all,
I'm greener ash de clofer grass; I'm shtupid as a shpoon;
I'm ignoranter ash de nigs — for dey takes de *Tribune*.

"Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mutter say,
She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;
Dey say he leaf some broperty — berhaps 't vas all a sell —
If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty vell."

"Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit und kin?
Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?"
Der Breitmann poolled his hand-shoe off und shooked him py de hand;

"Ve 'll hafe some trinks on strengt' of dis — or else may I
pe tam'd!"

"Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop," der younger Breitmann said;
"I'd den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mine own
headt!"
"Oh, never mind — dat soon dry oop — I shticks him mit
a blaster;
If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisasder."

Dis fight did last all afternoon — *wohl* to de fesper tide,
Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did
ride.
Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fictory!
Who 's dat a ridin' py his side? "Dis here 's mein son,"
says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop! — how lordly he kit
down!
How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de beer so prown!
But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at one.
"Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings — I *know* dou art mein
son!"

Der one has got a fader; de oder found a child.
Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in pattle fierce und vild.
It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so succeed —
Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S LIED.

Breitmann in Maryland

Der Breitmann mit his gompany
Rode out in Marylandt.
"Dere 's nix to trink in dis countrie;
Mine droat 's as dry as sand.
It 's light canteen und haversack,
It 's hoonger mixed mit doorst;
Und if ve had some lager-beer
I 'd trink oontil I boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve 'd trink oontil ve boorst.

"Herr Leut'nant, take a dozen men,
Und ride dis land around!
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'
Dill somedings goot is found.
Gotts-donder! men, go ploonder!
Ve haf n't trinked a bit
Dis fourdeen hours! If I had beer
I 'd sauf oontil I shplit!
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve 'd sauf oontil ve shplit!"

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs
Coom rattlin' droo de camp;

"Rouse dere! — coom rouse der house dere!
Herr Copitain — ve moost tromp!
De scouds have found a repel town
Mit repel davern near,
A repel keller in de cround,
Mit repel lager beer!!
Gling, glang, gloria!
All fool of lager beer!"

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth!
How Breitmann broked de bush!
"O let me see dat lager beer!
O let me at him rush!
Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
Und is mein var-horse goot?
To get one quart of lager beer
I'd shpill a sea of ploot.
Gling, glang, gloria!
I'd shpill a sea of ploot.

"Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,
One hoonderd strong are ve;
Who gares a tam for all de odds
Vhen men so dirsty pe."
And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
Like donder-polts dey fly,
Rash fort as der vild yaeger cooms
Mit blitzen droo de shky.

Gling, glang, gloria!
Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left
De moundains, drees, unt hedge;
How left und rite de yaeger corps
Vent donderin' droo de pridge.
Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
Vhere not some pridges pe:
All dripplin' in de moondlight peam
Stracks vent de cavallrie.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
Oonheedin' vet or try;
Und horse und rider shnort und blowed,
Und shparklin' bepples fly.
"Ropp! Ropp! I shmell de parley-prew!
Dere 's somedings goot ish near.
Ropp! Ropp! — I scent de kneiperei;
Ve 've got to lager beer!
Gling, glang, gloria!
Ve 've got to lager beer!"

Hei! dow de carpine pullets klinged
Oopon de helmets hart!
Oh, Breitmann — how dy sabre ringed;
Du alter Knasterbart!

De contrapands dey sing for shoy
To see de rebs go down,
Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry :
"Hoorah ! — ve 've dook de down.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Victoria, victoria !
De Dootch have dook de down."

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
And vild husaren shout
De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
Unt rolled de lager out ;
Und in the coorlin' powder shmoke,
Vhile shtill de pullets sung,
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
A-knockin' out de boong.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Victoria ! Encoria !
De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
Vhile yet his hand was red,
A-trinkin' lager from his poots
Among de repel tead.
'T vas dus dey vent at mitternight
Along der moundain-side ;
'T vas dus dey help make history !
Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.

Gling, glang, gloria!
Victoria! Victoria!
Cer'visia, encoria!
De treadful mitnight ride
Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,
All famous, broad, und vide.

Breitmann as a Bummer

DER Sheneral Sherman holts oop on his coorse,
He shtops at de gross-road und reins in his horse.
"Dere 's a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,
Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak!"
Vhen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,
There coomed a young orterly gallopin' fast,
Who gry mit amazement: "Herr Shen'ral! Goot Lord!
Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin' der ford!"

Der Shen'ral he ootered no hymn und no psalm,
But opened his lips und he priefly say "D——n!
Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;
To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver;
But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:
Ho, Sickles! move promp'ly, send down a prigade!
Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword
If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford."

Dey spoored on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin' shtraight,
But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle too late,
For as de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,
So on to de Bummers de repels coom down:
Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,
Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad;

Und Sepperl — Tyroler — shpoke nefer a vord,
But shoost "*Mutter Gottes!*" und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
Einer aus Böblingen — he too vash dere —
Karli of Karlisruh's shot near de fence
(His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens),
Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought
Yet der Breitmann — der capt'n — der hero vash caught;
Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;
But von grey-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet
Dat Breitmann vouldt pe a pad egg for dem yet.
"He has more on his pipe as dem vellers allows,
He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,
Dey 'll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,
De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford."

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas oopdone,
Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone;
Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,
At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.
Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink
Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more trink.
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas hoor'd,
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

Second Part

In *dulce jubilo* now ve all sings,
A-vaifin' de panners like eferydings.
De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,
Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt ;
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the sea.

Dere 's a gry from de guart — dere 's a clotter und dramp,
Vhen dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp
Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and awe
In de face of de yout' apout somedings he saw ;
Und he shpeak me in Fraentsch, like he always do : “Look !
Sagre pleu ! fentre Tieu ! — dere ish Breitmann — his spook !
He ish goming dis vay ! *Nom de garce !* can it pe
Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea !”

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve tremples mit tread,
For risin' all swart on de efenin' red
Vas Johannes — der Breitmann — der var es, bei Gott !
Coom ridin' to oos-vard, right shtraight to de shpot !
All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,
For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz ;
Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say “Ave Morie !
Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea !”

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his clothes,
For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
In a vlamin' new coat und magnificent vest.
Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
Und a cold-mounded swordt like a Kaisar he bore,
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt — or votever he pe —
Moost hafe proken some panks on his vay to de sea.

"Id is he!" "*Und er lebt noch!*" "He lifes," ve all say:
"Der Breitmann — Oldt Breitmann! — Hans Breitmann! *Herr Je!*"
Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find
Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding pehind.
In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,
In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons
Mit dwo doozen votches und four dozen shpoons,
Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,
Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
Ve makes him a sooper of eferydings nice.
Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,
Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.
Den 't vas "Here 's to you, Breitmann! Alt Schwed', — *bist zurück?*
Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights veek?"

Und ve holds von shtupendous und derriple shpree
For shoy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,
Vot he tid; vot he pass droo — or vot he might seen?
Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem woons,
Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods und shpoons?
For to all of dem queeries he only reblies,
"If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies!"
So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe
Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies
How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir sooplies:
For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant
Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey vant.
But 't is vhispered dat vhile a refolfer 'll go round
Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found;
Or shtarvin' ash brisner — by doonder! — not he,
Vhile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

Breitmann's Going to Church

"Vides igitur, Collega carissime, visitationem canonicam esse rem haud ita periculosam, sed valde amoenam, si modo vinum, groggio, et cibi praesto sunt."

Novissimae Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum. Berolini: F. Berggold, 1869. Epistola XXIII, p. 63.

DVAS near de State of Nashfille,
In de town of Tennessee,
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
Mit all his cavallrie.
Der Sheneral kept him glose in gamp,
He vouldn't let dem go;
Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,
Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,
Und denn he madly shvore;
"Crate h—l, mit shpoons und shinsherbread,
Can *dis* pe makin' war?
Verdammt pe all der discipline!
Verdammt der Sheneràl!
Vere I vonce on de road, his will
Vere vurst mir und egâl.

"Oh vhere ish all de plazin' roofs
Dat claddened vonce mine eyes?

Und vhere de crand blantaschions
Vhere ve gaddered many a brize?
Und vhere de plasted shpies ve hung
A-howlin' loud mit fear?
Und vhere de rascal push-whackers
Ve shashed like vritened deer?

"De roofs are shtandin' fast and firm
Mit repels blottin' oonder;
De crand blantaschions lie round loose
For Morgan's men to ploonder!
De shpies go valkin' out und in,
Ash sassy ash can pe;
Und in de voods de push-whackers
Are makin' foon of me!

"Oh, vere I on my schimmel gray
Mein sabre in mein hand,
Dey should drack me py de ruins
Of de houses troo de land.
Dey should drack me py de puzzards
High sailen ofer head,
A-vollowin' der Breitmann's trail
To claw de repel dead."

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,
Who had théories of Gott:
"O Breitmann, dish ish shoodgement on
De vays dat you hafe trot.

You only lifes to joy yourself,
Yet you yourself moost say,
Dat self-defelopment requires
De réligiös Idée.''

Dey sat dem down und argued id,
Like Deutschers vree from fear,
Dill dey schmoke ten pfounds of knaster
Und drinked drei fass of bier.
Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
Boot Veit he had him denn;
For he dook him on de angles
Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low dat 'pentence,
Ish known in efery glime,
Und dat to grin und bear it
Vas healty und sooplime.
"For mine Sout German Catolicks
Id vas pe goot, I know;
Likevise dem Nordland Luterans,
If vonce to shoorsh dey go.

''Boot how vas id mit oders,
Who dinks philosophie?
I don't begreif de matter —''
Said Stossenheim: ''Denn see.
De more dat shoorsh disgoostet you,
Und make despise und bain,

De crater merid ish to go,
Und de crater ish your gain.

"I know a liddle shoorsh mineself,
Oopon de Bole Jack road:
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,
Ash into shoorsh dey goed.)
Dere you might make a bilcrimage,
Und do id in a tay:
Gott only knows vot dings you mighdt
Bick oop, oopon de vay."

Den oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
Vas at de tent id's toor —
"Dere's twenty bar'ls of whiskey hid
In dat tabernacle, shore.
A rebel he done gone and put
It in de cellar, true.
No libin' man dat secret knows,
'Cept only me an' you."

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt peside de fence,
Und gried: "O Coptain Breitmann, see,
Die finger Providence."
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay;
Says he, "Pe't hit or miss,
I'fe heard of miragles pefore,
Boot none so hunk ash dis.

"Vohlauf, mine pully cafaliers,
Ve'll ride to shoorsh to-day,
Each man ash hasn't cot a horse
Moost shteal von, rite afay.
Dere's a raw, green corps from Michigan,
Mit horses on de loose,
You men ash vants some hoof-irons,
Look out und crip deir shoes."

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie
Rode out py moonen-shine,
De cotton fields in shimmerin' light,
Lay white as elfenbein.
Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,
Und men who rode afay,
In de road, a-velterin in his ploot,
A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,
"Vhile shtandin' at my post,
De guerillas got first shot at me,"
Und so gafe oop de ghost.
Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,
Said: "Sah—dose grillers all
Is only half a mile from hy'ar,
A-dancin' at a ball."

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out
Ash if his heart tid schvell:

"I'll gife dem music at dat pall
Vill tantz dem indo hell."
Hei!—arrow-fast—a teufel's ride!
De plack man led de vay,
Dey reach de house—dey see de lights—
Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer vaited for a word,
Boot galloped from de gloom,
Und, bang!—a hoonderd carpine shots
Dey fired indo de room.
Oop vent de groans of vounded men,
De fittlin' died away;
Boot some of dem vere tead pefore
De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin' shots
Troo vindow und troo door,
Boot bang and clang de Germans gife
Anoder volley more.
"Dere—let 'm shlide. Right file to shoorsh!"
Aloudt de orders ran.
"I kess I paid dem for dat shot,"
Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin' fair
Shone gaily o'er de hill,
All violet plue de shky crew teep
In rifer, pond, und rill;

All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
Coom oop troo dimmerin' wood;
All shnowy vite in mornin' light
De shoorsh pefore dem shtood.

"Now loudet vell de organ, oop,
To drill mit solemn fear;
Und ring also dat Lumpenglock.
To pring de beoples here.
Und if it prings guerillas down,
Ve'll gife dem, py de Lord,
De low-mass of de sabre, and
De high-mass of de cord.

"Du, Eberlé aus Freiburg,
Du bist ein Musikant,
Top-sawyer on de counterpoint
Und buster in discánt;
To dee de soul of musik
All innerly ish known,
Du canst mit might fullenden
De art of orgel-ton.

"Derefore, a Miserére
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,
Und vake be-raisèd yearnin',
Also a holy feel: —
Pe referent, men — rememper
Dis ish a Gotteshaus —

Du Conrad—go along de aisles,
Und schenk de whiskey aus!"

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
Beethoven, und Méhul,
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
Sooplime und peaudiful.
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
De tears roon down his fuss;
Und he sopped out, "Gott verdammich—dis
Ist vahres Kunstgenuss!"

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high,
He maket de rafters ring;
Der Eberlé blayed lower, und
Ve heardt der Breitmann sing
Like a dronin' wind in piney woods,
Like a nightly moanin' sea:
Ash de dinked on Sonntags long agone
Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
High oop de orgel blowed,
Und plentifuller efer yet
Around de whiskey goed.
Dey singed ash if mit singin' dey
Might indo Himmel win:—
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,
Mit doost-clouds troo de door,
All plack ash night in golden lighdt
Dere shtood ein schwartzer Mohr,
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
Mit eye-palls glaring roun',
Who cried "For Gott's sake, hoory oop!
De reps ish gomin' down!"

Und while he yet was shpeakin',
A far-off soundt pegan,
Down rollin' from de moundain,
Of many a ridersmann.
Und vhile de waves of musik
Vere rollin' o'er deir heads,
Dey heard a foice a-schkreemin':
"Pile out of thar, you Feds!

"For we uns ar' a-comin'
For to guv to you uns fits,
And knock you into brimstun
And blast you all to bits—"
Boot ere it done ids shpeakin',
Dere vas order in de band,
Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stim
Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
Doth make a splurgin' flung,

Und ash eagles dab de fisch-hawks
  Ash if de gods vere young,
So from all de doors and vindows,
  Like shpiders down deir webs
De Dootch went at deir horses,
  Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful
  Vere in dat pattle rush,
Crate vights mit swords und carpine,
  Py efery fence und bush.
Ash panters vight mit crislies
  In famished morder fits—
For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
  Und de Dootch ver droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,
  So quickly vas it o'er,
O vhy moost I forefer
  Pestain mine page mit gore?
Py liddle und py liddle
  Dey drawed demselfs afay,
Oft toornin' round to vighten
  Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin' shots grew fewer,
  De scatterin' gries more shlow,
Und furder troo de forest
  Ve heared dem vainter grow.

Ve gife von shout—"Victoria!"
  Und denn der Breitmann said,
Ash he wiped his ploody sabre:
  "Now, poys, count oop your dead!"

Oh, small had been our shoutin'
  For shoy, if ve had known
Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald
  Lay dyin' all alone.
Vhile his oldt vhite horse mit droopin' het
  Look dumbly on him doun,
Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyest dou here
  Vhile fightin 's goin on?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier
  Slow dyin' on de eart';
Of a schloss afar in Baden,
  Of his mutter, und nople birt'!
Of poverty und sorrow,
  Vhich drofe him like de wind,
Und he sighed, "Ach veh for de lofed ones,
  Who wait so far pehind!

"Vohlauf, my soul, o'er de moundains!
  Vohlauf—well ofer de sea!
Dere 's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
  Und shpins, und dinks of me.
Dere 's a shild ash blays in de greenin' grass,
  Und sings a liddle hymn,

Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

"But mordal life ends shortly
Und Heafen's life is long: —
Wo bist du Breitmann? — glaub'es —
Gott suffers noding wrong.
Now I die like a Christian soldier,
My head oopon my sword: —
In nomine Domini!" —
Vas Stossenheim his word.

Oh, dere vas bitter wailen
Vhen Stossenheim vas found.
Efen from dose dere lyin'
Fast dyin' on de ground.
Boot time vas short for vaiten,
De shades vere gadderin' dim:
Und I nefer shall forget it,
De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
Vas all de funeral knell;
De ring of sporn und carpine
Vas all de sacrin bell.
Mit hoontin' knife und sabre
Dey digged de grave a span;
From German eyes blue gleamin'
De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
De plessed cross ve made,
Und put it vhere de soldier's head
Towards Germany vas laid.
Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,
De cross is goned afay:
Boot Gott will find der reiter
Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin' of de fightin',
Und dinkin' of de dead,
Und dinkin' of de organ,
To Nashville, Breitmann led.
Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,
Shtill dinkin' o'er de heart's friend,
He 'd left im gruenen wald.

De verses of dis boem
In Heidelberg I write;
De night is dark around me,
De shtars apove are bright.
Studenten in den Gassen
Make singen many a song;
Ach Faderland! — wie bist du weit!
Ach Zeit! — wie bist du lang!

Breitmann in Kansas

Once oopon a dimes, goot vhile afder der var vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud Vest, drafellin' apout like eferydings — "*circuivit terram et perambulavit eam*," ash der Teufel said ven dey ask him: "How vash you und how you has peen?"

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und shendlemans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey singed songs, dill py und py one of de ladies say: "Ish anypodies here ash know de crate pallad of Hans Breitmann's Barty?" Den Hans say: "*Ecce Gallus!* I am dat rooster!" Den der Hans dook a trink und a let-bencil und a biece of baper, und goes indo himself a little dimes und denn coomes out again mit dis boem:

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
He drafel fast und far;
He rided shoost drei dousand miles
All in von railroat car.
He knowed foost-rate how far he goed —
He gounted all de vile,
Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,
Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
I dell you vot, my poy,
You bet dey hat a pully dimes
In crossin' Illinoy.

Dey speaked deir speaks to all de folk
A-shtandin' in de car;
Den ask dem in to dake a trink,
Und corned em *ganz und gar*.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
By shings! dey did it prown.
When he got into Leafenvort,
He found himself in town.
Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,
More goot as man could dink,
Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,
Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
He vent in on de loud.
At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,
He foundt a pully crowd.
He looked for bleedin' Kansas,
But dat's "blayed out," dey say;
De vhiskey keg's de only dings
Dat's bleedin' dere to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
To see vot he could hear.
He foundt soom Deutschers das exisdt
Py makin' lager beer.
Says he: "*Wie gehts du Alt Gesell?*"
But nodings could be heard;

Dey 'd growed so fat in Kansas
  Dat dey could n't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
  Py shings! I dell you vot,
Von day he met a crisly bear
  Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott!*
Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear,
  Und bleased him fery much—
For efery vordt der crisly growled
  Vas goot Bavarian Dutch!

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas!
  By donder, dat is so!
He ridet oout upon de blains
  To shase de boofalo.
He fired his rifle at de bools,
  Und gallop droo de shmoke,
Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if
  Der teufel vas a choke!

It 's hey de trail to Santa Fé;
  It 's ho! agross de plain;
It 's lope along de Denver road,
  Until ve toorn again.
Und de railroad drafel after us
  Apout as quick as ve;
Dis Kansas ish de fastest land
  Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
He have a pully dime;
But 'tvas in old Missouri
Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.
Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,
Und all der nobs around;
Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him
Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
Und made his carpine pop!
Ven he shooted at a drifer man
To make de wagon shdop.
A noble *Tribune* shendleman
Shoost dodged dat pullet's bore,
Und de driver shwore dat soosh a crowd
He nefer druv pefore.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
Droo all dis earthly land,
A-vorkin' out life's mission here
Soobyectifly und grand.
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophie;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash von eternal shpree!

Hans Breitmann's Christmas

"Hæc est illa bona dies
Et vocata læta quies
Vina sitientibus.

"Nullus metus, nec labores,
Nulla cura, nec dolores,
Sint in hoc symposio."
De Generibus Ebriosorum. Francoforti ad Mœnum, A.D. 1585.

ID vas on Weihnachtsabend—vot Ghristmas Efe dey call—
Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik Hall;
Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who vere in de Liederkranz
Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin' tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall 'mid pushes so nople to pe seen,
Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey on-did a garlandt creen:
De laties vork like teufels dwo days to scroob de vloor,
Und hanged a crate serenity mit Willkomm! oop de toor!

Und vhile dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose redakteur tid say
Dat Breitmann he vas *liederlich*, ve ant-worded dis-away:
Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red:
"Our *Leader lick* de repels! N. G." (enof gesaid).

Und anoder serene dransparency ve make de veller baint,
Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled id vas enof to shvear a saint,
For ve vanted La Germania; —boot der ardist mit a bloonder,
Vent und vlorished Lager agross id —und denn poot Mania oonder!

"Now ve moost pe guest-friendlich," said Breitemann, said he,
"Und shoot te toor vide oben, for beople all to see.
Four elemends indernally unided make a punsch;
Boot id *dakes* a tausend fellers vhen you gifes dem freie lunsch."

Und as Ghristmas Efe vas gekommen, de beoplesh weren im Hall,
I shvears you id vas Gott-full—dat shplendit, peglory'd ball;
Ve hat foon *wie der Teufel in Frankreich*—ve coot oop like der teufel in France,
Und valk pair-wise in, vhile de musik blayed loudt de Fackel-Tanz.

Boot vhen de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most went out of fits,
Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mid de lofely Helmine Schmitz.
He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit a peaudiful solemn shmile,
Und Helmine say he nefer shtop *poussiren* allaweil.

"*Est toent, es rauschet Saitenklang*—I hear de musik call
Den kerzenhellen Saal entlang—all droo de gleamin' Hall.
O moecht ich schweben stolz und froh—O mighdt I efer pe
Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so!—mine Lebenlang by dee!"

Und vaster blay de musik de *Wellen und Wogen* von Strauss;
Und soom drop indo de tantzen, und soom of dem drop *aus;*
Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de reelin' vloor,
So de shpinners shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey could n't
shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, *und lauter guter ding*,
Und dirsty ash a broosh-pinder—vhen ve hear some glasses
ring;
Foors mild und sonft in de distants—like de song of a night-
ingall,
Denn a ringin' und rottlin' und clotterin'—ash de Glück of
Edenhall?

Hei! how ve roosh on de liquor!—hei! how de kellners
coom!
Hei! how ve busted de bier-kegs und poonished de *Punsch
à la Rhum.*
Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some shiant shore—
Like an awful shtorm in de Waelder—vas de dirsty
Deutschers' roar!

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece—I pyed shoost fifdy-dwo,
Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein—by doonder,
how dey flew!

I ring de deck on de vaiters for liquor hot und cool,
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I rake de pool!

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in any roog,
De trompets blowed *tan da ra dei*, und dere come in a *Maskenzug*,
A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin' and sooplime,
De marmorbilds of de heroes of de early Sharman dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda, doo,
De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses plue;
Denn vollowed Quinctilius Varus, who carry a Roman yoke,
Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der Allemane Chroc.

Der alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl der Crate,
Mit Roland und Uliverus, vent shveepin' on in shtate;
Und Conradin, whose sad-full deat' shtill makes our heartsen pleed,
Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a tyfeled suplendid witz
In anti-word to dis quesdion from de lofely Mina Schmitz:
"Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers so andiquadet?"
"Vhy—dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got lapi*dated!*"

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat fanished droo de door,
Ve heardt a ge-screech, and Pelz Nickel coom howlin' on de vloor;

Denn de laties yell like der teufel, und vly like gulls mit
wings,
Und der Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und ve laughet
like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas geborn;
Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 't vas ober, he plow on a yaeger horn,
Und denounce do all de beople gesembled in de hall,
Dat a Ghristmas dree vas vaiten, mit bresents for oos
all!

So ve vollowed him into de *zimmer* so quick ash dese vords
he said,
To kit dem peaudiful bresents, all gratis und on de dead;
Und in facdt a shplendid Weihnachtsbaum mid lighds ve
druly vound,
Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece all round!

Dere vas Rika Stange die Dessauerinn, a maedchen
shtraigdt und tall,
She cot a bicture of Cubid—boot she tid n't *see* it ad all,
Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle dat all de
laties dake:
"Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat you so ofden
make!"

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria Top, did cot,
A-schwingin' mit a ribbon, a liddle benny pot;
Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder mans,
For he kit a yellow gratle mit a liddle vooden Hans.

Denn next Beethoven's Sinfonie die orkester tid blay;
Adagio — allegro — andante cantabile.
Ve sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mighdt drops,
Und de deers roon town der Breitmann's sheeks, mitwhiles he vas trinkin' schnapps.

Next dings ve had de *Weinnachtstraum* ge-sung by de Liederkranz,
Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine to sed me oop for a tantz,
Dis dimes I tanz wie der Teufel — we shriek de volk on de vloor;
Und boost right indo de sooper room — for ve tanzt a hole droo de door!

Denn 'twas rowdy-tow und hop-sassa, ve hollered, Mann und Weib;
"Rip Sam und sed her oop acain! — ve 're all of de Shackdaw tribe!"
Vhen Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more, und peg oos to shtop our din,
Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-pins marchin' in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins — dey goed to de end' der hall,
Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns — dey rolled at em mit a ball.

De balls vas paintet peaudiful; dey was vifdeen feet aroundt;
Und de rule ov de came: "Whoefer cot hidt moost doomple
on de croundt."

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins — sometimes de oder volk —
Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in shoke;
Boot I dells you vot, it maked oos laugh dill we by-nearly
shplits,
Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop de Mina
Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade word-blayed on,
Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat id vas tone!
How der Breitmann mighdt drafel ash bride-man on de
roadt dat ish *breit* und *krumm;*
Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for de
sooper-room.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for gespickter
hare,
Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod, kaviar:
Ve roosh at de lordtly sauer-kraut und de wurst which lofely
shine,
Und oh, mein Gott im Himmel! *how* we goed for de Mosel-
wein!

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker shtill
cot ve,
In rosy lighdt shtill drivin' on agross a fairy sea;

Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a salat dish!
Und shoost like roarin' elefants ve tantzed aroundt de tish.

I 'fe shvimmed in heafenly droonks pefore—boot nefer von like dis;
De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de pliss,
De vhile in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly vind-harps rang
A goosh of goldnen melodie—de Rheinweinbechers' Klang.

De meltin' minnesingers' song—a droonk of honey'd rhyme—
De b'wildrin'-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic dime;
Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin' mead;
——Here ents in heller glorie schein des Breitmann's Weihnachtslied!

Breitmann about Town

Der Schwackenhammer coom to down,
Pefore de Fall vas past,
Und by der Breitmann drawed he in
Ash dreimals honored gast.
"Led 's see de sighdts! In self und worldt, —
Dere 's 'sighdts' for him to see,
Who Selbstanschauungsvermögen hat,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,
Und dere dey vound em blayin',
Of Offenbach (der *open brook*),
His show spiel Belle Helène.
"Dere 's Offenbach, — Sebastian Bach, —
Mit Kaulbach, — dat makes dree:
I alvays like soosh *brooks* ash dese,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
Vhich Mishder Astor bilt:
Some pooks vere only *en broschure*,
Und some vere pound und gilt.
"Dat makes de gold — dat makes de *sinn*,
Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,

De pest tressed vellers guilt de most,''
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edidor,
Who'd shanged his flag und doon,
Und crowed oopon der oder side,
Dat very afdernoon.
''De anciends vorshipped wettercocks,
To wetter *fanes* pent de knee;
Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow!''
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented by a panker's haus,
Und Schwackenhammer shvore,
He only vant a pig red shield
Hoong oop pefore de toor;
One side of red, one side of gold,
Like de knighd's in hisdorie—
''De schildern of dat schild is rich,''
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,
Of frames wort' many a cent,
De broberty of a shendleman
Who oonto Europe vent.
''Don't gry — he 'll soon pe pack again
Mid anoder gallerie:
He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,''
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,
  To see his furnidure
Sold oud at aucdion rite afay,
  Berembdory und sure.
"He geeps six houses all at vonce,
  Each veek a sale dere pe,
Gotts! vat a dime his vife moost hafe!"
  Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,
  Long dimes dey roamed apout;
Von veller had a pran new sort,
  De fery latest out.
"Mein freund, I dinks you errs yourself
  De shmell ish oldt to me;
De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,"
  Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de *virst* hotel,
  De prandy make dem creep,
A trop of id 's enough to make
  A brazen monkey veep.
"Dey say a viner house ash dis
  Vill soon ge-bildet pe,
Crate Gott!—vot *can* dey mean to trink?"
  Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,
  Dey saw vrom haus to haus,

Und gountet oop, 'pout more or less,
Vive hoondred awful rows.
"If all dese liddle vights dey waste,
Could *von* crate pattle pe,
Gotts! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise!"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,
Who vorship Gott mitt vlowers,
In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
In winter among de showers.
"Vhen de Pacific railroat's done,
Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,
De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
De last sensadion shtyle,
'T was 'nough to make der teufel weep
To see his "awful shmile."
"Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er
Vas in Théologie,
Dey'd make him pishop in dis shoorsh,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent indo a shpordin' crib,
De rowdies cloostered dick,
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,
Und dat infernal quick.

Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,
Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,
"Id 's shoost a-goin' to shdrike six,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedin's next,
Dey hear dem rant and rail;
Der bresident vas a forger,
Shoost bardoned oud of jail.
He does it oud of cratitood
To dem who set him vree:
"Id 's Harmonie of Inderesds,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyand witch,
A plack-eyed handsome maid,
She wahrsagt all deir vortunes—denn
"Fife dollars, gents!" she said.
"Dese vitches are nod of dis eart',
Und yed are *on* id, I see,
Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,
Der vaiter coot a dash;
He garfed a shicken in a vink,
Und serfed id at a vlash.
"Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot
Und roon mit poulderie,

He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,''
  Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,
  Vhere laties all agrees
De gals should all pe voters
  Und deir beaux all de votees.
"For efery man dat nefer vorks,
  Von frau should vranchised pe:
Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,''
  Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,
  'T vas like a roarin' rifer,
De sighds vere here—de sighds vere dere—
  Und de vorldt vent on forefer.
"De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
  Dis vorldt a derwisch pe;
Das Werden 's all von whirling droonk,''
  Said Breitemann, said he.

Breitmann in Politics

i.—The Nomination

When ash de var vas ober, und Beace her shnow-wice vings
Vas vafin' o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like efery dings,
Und heroes vere revardtet, de beople all pegan
To say 't vas shame dat nodings vas done for Breitemann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or vhere der fore shlog came,
Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a purnin' shame:
"Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House — potzblitz! can dis dings be! —
Und Breitmann he hafe nodings: vot sighds is dis to see!

"Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann! ish *dis* do pe de gry
On de man dat sacked de repels und trinked dem high und dry?
By meine Seel' I shvears id, und vhat's more I deglares id's drue,
He vonce gleaned oudt a down in half an our, und shtripped id strumpf und shoe.

"Vhen dey ploondered de down of Huntsville, I dells you vot, py tam!
He burned oop four biano-fords and a harp to roast a ham;
Vhen he found de *rouge* und *émail de Paris*, which de laties hafe hid in a shpot,
He whited his horse all ofer—und denn pinked his ears, bei Gott!

"Vhen he found dat a blace was ploonder-fool, he alvays tell dem, sure:
'Men, sack und pack! I shoots mine eyes for only shoost an uhr.'
Boot if de blace vas fery rich, he vouldt say mit a solemn mien:
'Men, I only shleep for von half uhr more; ve *moost* hafe tiscipline.'

"He was shoost like Koenig Etzel, of whom de shdory dell,
Der Hun who go for de Romans und gife dem shinin' hell;
Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow vhere Etzel's horse had trot,
Und I really peliefe vhere Breitmann go, de hops shpring oop, bei Gott!"

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon geds aroundt,
Und when dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was rings aroom be-foundt;
Dough *vhy* he *moost* hafe somedings vas nod by no means glear,
Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap to all abbear!

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he couldtent nicht blainly see
Vhy a feller for gadderin' riches shood dus revartedt pe:
Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a weinhandle in a stohr,
Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft, und sonst was — somedings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense ve could n't no means shtand,
From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf, of our nople captain grand:
Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit* a shentleman deplores;
So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsfott*, und shmysed him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann shouldt hafe a nomination
To go to de Legisladoor, to make somedings off de nation;
Mit de helb of a Connedigut man, in whom ve hafe great hobes,
Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes, und derefore knew de robes.

ii. — The Committee of Instruction

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas protocollirt,
By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce studiret;

Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de comedy tid say
Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die first Morál Idée.

Und de segondt crate Morál Idée dat into him ve rings
Vas dat government for efery man moost alfays do eferydings;
Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt esbecially ve gall
Is to do mitout a Bresident und no government ad all.

Und die fourt' Idée ve vish der Hans vouldt alfays keeb in fiew
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likevise de Goot und Drue;
Und de form of dis ooprighthood in proctise to present,
He must get our little pills all bassed, mitout id 's gostin' a cent.

Und die fift' Idée — ash learnin' ish de cratest ding on eart',
Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife ge-birt' —
Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos all pooplic tockuments
Vhich he can grap or shteal vill sendt — franked — mit his gompliments.

Die sechste crate Morál Idée — since id fery vell ish known
Dat mind is de resooldt of food, ash der Moleschott has shown,
Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott, as in Fichte dot' abbear —
He moost alfays go mit de barty dat go for lager bier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to Mishder Twine,
De Yangee boledician, he say dey vere fery fine:

Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice — a tarnal tall concern;
Boot dey hafe some little trawpacks, und in fagdt were n't worth a dern.

Boot yet, mit our bermission, if de shentlemans allow, —
Here all der Sharmans in de room dake off deir hats und pow, —
He vouldt gife our honored gandidate some nodions of his own,
Hafing managed some elegdions mit sookcess, as vell vas known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay, he'd pet as sure as born
Dat our mann vouldt not coom oud of der liddle endt der horn,
Mit his goot *proad* Sharman shoulders — dis maket oos laugh, py shink!
So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's — *Nota bene* — after a trink!

iii. — Mr. Twine explains being "Sound upon the Goose"

DERE in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der Breitemann sot he:
He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder hishdorie;
Und pefore him, on de tische, was — vhere man alfays foundt it —
Dwelf inches of good lager, mit a Boehmisch glass around it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke he maked no sbeech
or sign!
De next remark vas, "*Zapfet aus!*"—de dird vas,
"*Schenket ein!*"
Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit a shtock
Of allerbest Markgraefler wein—dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Mishder Twine deglare dat he vas happy to denounce
Dat as Coptain Breitmann suited oos egsockdly do an ounce,
He vas ged de nomination, and need nod more eckshblain:
Der Breitmann dink in silence, and denn roar aloudt, CHAMPAGNE!

Denn Mishder Twine, while drinkin' wein, mitwhiles vent
on do say,
Dat long instruckdions in dis age vere nod de dime of
tay;
Und de only ding der Breitmann need to pe of any use
Vas shoost to dell to efery man he's *soundt oopon der coose.*

Und ash dis little frase berhops vas nod do oos bekannt,
He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oondershtand,
And vouldt dell a liddle shdory vitch dook blace pefore de
wars:
Here der Breitmann nod to Trina, und she bass aroundt
cigars.

"Id ish a longe dime, now here, in Bennsylfanien's Shtate,
All in der down of Horrisburg dere rosed a vierce depate,

'Tween vamilies mit cooses, und dose vhere none vere found,
If cooses might, by common law, go squanderin' aroundt?

"Dose who vere nod pe-gifted mit cooses, und vere poor,
All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings und cerdain sure;
But de coose-holders teklare a coose greadt liberdy tid need,
And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt oon-Christian teed.

"Und denn anoder barty idself tid soon refeal,
Of arisdograts who kepd no coose, pecause 't was nod shendeel:
Tey tid not vish de splodderin' keese shouldt on deir pafemends bass,
So dey shoined de anti-coosers, or de oonder lower glass!"

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out: "Dis shdory goes to show
Dat in poledicks, ash lager, *virtus in medio.*
De drecks ish ad de pottom—de skoom floads high inteed;
Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old Sharman lied.

"Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes de scoom und drecks, ve see,
Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft, or election-sympathie."

"'Dis is very vine,'' says Mishder Twine, "vot here you indrotuce:
Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my shdory of de coose.

"A gandertate for sheriff de coose-beholders run
Who shvear de coose de noblest dings vot valk peneat' de sun;
For de cooses safe de Capidol in Rome long dimes ago,
Und Horrisburg need safin' mighty pad, ash all do know.

"Acainsd dis mighdy Coose-man anoder veller rose,
Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill vhen oders came to plows;
Und if any ask how 't was he shtoodt, his friendts wouldt vink so loose,
Und vhisper, ash dey dapped deir nose: '*He's soundt oopon de coose!*

"'He's O.K. oopon de soobject: shoost pet your pile on dat:
On dis bartik'ler quesdion he indends to coot it fat.'
So de veller cot elegded pefore de beople foundt
On *vhitch* site of der coose it vas he shtick so awful soundt.

"Und efer in America, hencevorwart from dat day,
Ash mit de Native Mericans, de fashion vas to say —
Likes well in de Kansas droples — de shap who tid not refuse
To go mit de beoples ash vanted him, vas soundt oopon der coose.

"Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell," says Mishder Hiram Twine;
"Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight id on dis line."
De volk who of dese boledics would oder shapders read,
Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

iv.—How Breitmann and Smith were reported to be Log-Rolling

Id hoppenet in de yar of crace, vhen all dese dings pegan,
Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned acainsd der Breitemann,
Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine so moosh dat beoples say
Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—Gott weiss in vot a vay!

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—vhitch look shoost like a bruder—
Dat vhen Twine vas vork on any side der Schmit vas on der oder:
A fery gommon dodge ish dis mit de arisdocracie;
So dat votefer cardt doorns op, id's game for de familie!

Nun, goot! Howefer dis might pe, 't vas cerdain on dis hit
Der Twine vas do his tyfelest to euchre Mishder Schmit;

Und Schmit, I criefe to say, exglaimed: "Gaul darn me for a fool,
But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits and rake the eternal pool!"

So dey cot some liddle ledders, ash brifate ash could pe,
Vhitch Breitmann writed long agone to friendts in Germany;
Und dey brinted dem in efery vay to make de beoples laugh,
Und comment on dem in de shtyle dat "sports" call "slasher-gaff."

Dere-to — as vash known py shoodshment und glearly ascertained,
Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money py a valse und schwindlin friendt —
So dey roon it droo de newsbapers, und shbeech to make pegan,
Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself und rop de oder man.

Boot de ding dat jam de hardest on de men dat bull de vires,
Und showed dat Copitain Breitmann shtood pedween dwo heafy vires,
Vas, pecause he vas a soldier — von could see id at a clanse —
Dey had pud him in a tisdrigt vhere he had n't half a shanse.

For ash de pold soldaten ish more prafe ash oder mans,
Dey moost lead de hope verloren und pattle in de vans;

Und ash defeat ish honoraple to men in honor shtrict,
Dey honor dem py puttin' em vhere dey 're cerdain to be licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over. 'T vas de dird or secondt heat
Dat a soldier in dis tisdrigt had been poot oop und beat;
So de Plue Goats dink it over und go quietly to vork:
De bow vhen too moosh aufgespannt vlies packward mit a yerk.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret dat de ding seemed doubtenful,
Boot mitout delay he dook de horns so poldly py de bull,
Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere, dill folk to pliefe pecan,
Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight* unto der Breitemann!

He fix de liddle tedails — how moosh der Schmit hafe got
For sellin' out his barty to let Breitmann haul de pot;
Und he showed a brifate ledder from Breitemann to Schmit,
Vhere he bromise him for Congress if he shoost let oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder; for der Copitain Breitemann
Vould nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompoogks since virst his life pegan.
He hat tone some rough dings in de war, in de ploonder-und-morder line,
Boot vas hoockleperry-persimmoned mit dese boledics of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rate — mit de Mericans pest of all,
For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall;
For to sheat von's own gonstituents ish de pest mofe in de came,
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same.

v. — How they held the Mass Meeting

Dere's nodings in dis vorldt so pad, ash all oov us may learn,
Boot may shange from dark to lighthood, if loock should dake a doorn;
So it hoppenet mit Breitmann, who in spite of sin und Schmit,
Gontrifed ad shoost dis yooncture do make a glucky hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts to de Deutsche burgers all
(N.B. — Dish ish not mean *blackguards*, boot de pills dey shtick on de vall),
To say dat a Massenversammlung — or a meeding of all dem asses —
Vouldt be held in de Arbeiter-Halle, to consisd of de Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brinting of de pills to a new gekommene man,

Who dinked dat Demokratisch vas de same ash Repoobli-can:
Gott in Himmel weiss vhere he 'd hid himself on dis free Coloompian shore
Dat he scaped de naturalizationisds, und had n't found out pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter, de only tifference he
Petween Repooplicanish and Demokratisch tid see,
Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer; so he dook shoost vot seem pat
To make de poster handsome—likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin' life shmall grubs grows oop to vings!
How ofden shoost from moostard seet a virst-glass pusiness shprings!
Van't klein komt men tot't groote, ash de Hollanders hafe said:
Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann caved in der Schmitsy's head.

vi.—Breitmann's Great Speech

DIS tale dat Schmit hafe *sell de vight* cot so mooch put apout,
Dat many of his beoples vere in fery tupious toubt;
'Pove all, dose who were on de make, and easy change deir lodge,
Und, pein' awfool smart demselfs, pelieve in every dodge.

Vhen de meeding vas gesempled, und dey found no Schmit vas dere,
Dey looket at von anoder mit a *ganz* erstaunished air;
But dey *saw it* glear as taylighd, und around a vink dere ran,
Vhen pefore dem rose de shiant form of Copitain Breitemann!

Den Breitemann vent los at dem: "He could nichts vell exbress
De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—de wonnevol hoppiness—
To meed in friendtlich council und glasp de hand of dose,
Who had peen mit most oonreason und unkindtly galled his foes.

"Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin' eart'—he vould say it dere und denn—
Soosh shpecdagles couldt nod pe seen of soosh imbardial men,
So tefoid of base sospicion, so apofe all betty dricks,
Ash to gome und lisden vairly to a voe in poledicks;

"Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—for he feeled id in his soul
Dat de *brinciples* vitch mofed dem vere de same oopon de whole;
But he lack a vord to exbress dem in manners opportunes"—
Here a veller in de gallery gry oud, oonkindly, "Shpoons!"

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him: "If *shpoons* our modifes pe,
Dere 's nod a man pefore oos who lossed a shpoon by me:
Far rader had I gife you all a shpoons to eaten mit,
Und I hope to ged a ladle for mein friendt, der Mishder Schmit."

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—it raised der tyfel's dust,
Und for sefen-lefen minudes dey ooplouded on a bust;
Und de chaps dat dinked of hedgin' saw a ring as round as O;
So dey boked eash oder in de rips und said, "I dold you so!"

For dis d'lusion to de ladle vas as glear ash city milk,
Und drawd it on de beoples so vine ash flossen silk,
Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin' locks, und de locks vere ready cut;
Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end, und Schmitsy dake de butt!

Denn Breitmann he crack onward: "If any 'lightened man
Vill seeken in his Bibel, he 'll find dat a publican
Is a barty ash sells lager; und de ding is fery blain,
Dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain.

"Now since dat I sells lager, I gant agreën mit
De demprance brinciples I hear dishtriputet to Schmit;
Boot dis I dells you vairly, und no one to teseife—
If I were Schmit, I 'd pliefen shoost vot der Schmit peliefe.

‘‘And to mine Sharman liperal friendts I might mention in
dis shpot,
Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor dat der Schmit peliefe in
Gott;
Und also dat he coes to shoorsh — mit a brayer-book — for
salfadion:
I vould not for die welt say dings to hoort his repudadion.

‘‘Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander pe,
So also de rumor dat vhen young he shtoody divinidy:
I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py fate,
Und in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Republican-didate!

‘‘Ash Deutschers say — und Yankees doo — vhen der wein
ish in der man,
So ish oopon de oder part, de wise-hood in de can,
Vhitch brofes dat wein und wise-hood ish all de same, py
shinks!
Und de only real can-didate ish der veller ash coes for trinks:

‘‘Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglare here in dis
hall —
Und I shvears mineself to holt to it, votefer may pefall —
Dat any man who gifes me his fote — votefer his boledics pe —
Shall alfays pe regartet ash bolidigal friendt py me.’’

(Dis voonderfol condescension pring down drementous applause,
Und dose who catch de nodion gife most derriple hooraws;

Eshbecially some Amerigans ash vas shtandin' near de door,
Und who in all deir leben long nefer heard so moosh sense
pefore.)

"Dese ish de brincibles I holts, and dose in vitch I run:
Dey ish fixed firm und immutaple ash de course of de 'ternal
sun:
Boot if you ton't approve of dem—blease nodice vot I say—
I shall only pe too happy to alder dem right afay.

"Und undo my Demogratic friendts I vould fery glearly
shtate—
Since 'd is useless mit oop-geclearèd minds to hold a long
depate—
Dat dere's no man in de cidy who sells besser liquor ash I,
Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis* vhenefer mine friendts
ish try.

"*Ad finem*—in de ende—I moost mendion do you all,
Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier ish a-gomin' to dis
hall:
Dere ish none of mine own barty here, bot we'll do mitout
deir helfs;
Und I kess, on de whole, 't will pe shoost so goot if ve trink
it all ourselfs."

Soosh drementous up-loudation pefore was nefer seen,
Ash dey svored dat der Copitain Breitmann vas a brickpat,
und no sardine;

Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen, sayin', "Hobe you wird sookceed!" —
De nexter theil will pe de ent of dis historisch lied.

vii.—The Author asserts the Vast Intellectual Superiority of Germans to Americans

DERE's a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe oondershtand,
Deutschers are, *de jure*, de owners of dis land,
Und I brides mineself oonshpeak-barly dat I foorst make beknown,
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet from Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon it fisiply does shine,
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Cologne on der Rhein,
Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist,
Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tove, id ish wort' de drople to mark
Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer land a-vlyin' from de ark;
Und shtill wider—in de peginnin', mitout de leastest toubt,
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers und pring de vorldt herout.

Ash mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me tid ofden shbeak,
De mythus of name rebeats itself—vhitch see in his "Symbolik,"

So also de name America, if we a liddle look,
Vas coom from der oldt King Emerich in de Deutsche Heldenbuch.

Und id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch — how voonderful id ron —
Dat I shdole de "Song of Hildebrand, or der Vater und der Sohn,"
Und dishtripude it to Breitmann for a reason vhitch now ish plain,
Dat dis Sagen Cyclus, full-endet, pring me round to der Hans again.

Dese laws of un-endly un-windoong ish so teep and broad and tall
Dat nopody boot a Deutscher hafe a het to versteh dem at all,
Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont peliefe, inteed,
Dat I mineself vould versteh de half of dis here Breitmann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system — dat only von mans knew
Vot der tyfel id meant — und *he* could n't tell — und der Jean Paul Richter, too,
Who saidt: "Gott knows I meant somedings vhen foorst dis buch I writ,
Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now — for I hafe fergotten it."

And all of dis be-wises so blain ash de face on your nose
Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects dan he himself soopose,
Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt, as I really do soospect,
Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose* — und lesser intellect.

Yet oop-rightly I confess it, mitout ashkin' vhy or vhence,
Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown sharp-pointet sense,
Und a fery outsigned exemple of genius in dis line
Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder Hiram Twine.

viii. — Showing how Mr. Hiram Twine "played off" on Smith

WIDELICET. Dere vas a fillage whose vote alone vouldt pe
Apout enof to elegdt a man und give a mayority,
So de von who couldt "scoop" dis seddlement vouldt make a lucky hit,
But dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all, dey all go von on Schmit.

Now id hoppenet to gome to bass dat in dis little town
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder Schmit coom down,
His brinciples to foresetzen und his idées to deach —
(*Id est*, fix oop de brifate pargains) — und telifer a pooplic shbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly ish peen shown,
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe known,
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so
Dat he 'd pe himself at dis meedin', und see how dings vas go.

Oh, shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked apout!
Oh, voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside out!
Oh, sinkular de loock-vheel rolls! Dis liddle meeding dere
Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum*—shoosh suit him to a hair.

Now it hoppenet on dis efenin', de Deutschers, von und all,
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de Ball,
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de shdars pegin to plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory, for 't vas dime to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a-dramplin,' und dey saw und dinked dey know'd
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang de road,
Und ash he ride town-invard de likeness vas so blain,
Dey donnered out, "Hoora for Schmit!" enouf to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes—boot oopshdardet too his vit,
Und he dinks, "Great turnips!—vhot if I couldt bass for Colonel Schmit?

Gaul darn my heels I 'll do it — and go the total swine,
Oh soap balls! — *what* a chance!" said dis dissembulatin' Twine.

Denn 't was "Willkomm! willkomm! Mishder Schmit!" rings aroom on efery site,
Und "First-rate — how dy do, yourself?" der Hiram Twine replied.
Dey ashk him "Coom und dake a trink" — boot dey find id mighdy gueer,
Vhen Twine informed 'em none boot hogs vould trink dat shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot boison, und as for Sharman wein,
He dinks it vas erfounden exbressly for Sharman schwein,
Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he gloria in de name,
Und adfised dem all for tecence's sake to go und do de same.

Dese bemarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout as vell receife
Ash cats in a game of den-pins, ash you may of coorse peliefe.
De heats of de recebtion vent down a dootzen degrees,
Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de roostlin' of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,
Vhere he maket de crate oradion vhitch vas so moosh to blease dem all,

Und dis vay he pegin it: "Perfore I furder go,
I vish dat my obinions you puddin-het Dutch shouldt know.

"Und eher I norate furder, I dink it only fair
Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly, chunk and square;
Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I vill plank de facts —
I ton't go round slanganderin' my friendts pehind deir packs.

"So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I touch,
Vhen I say I can't apide de sound of your groonting *shishing* Dootch,
Should I in the Legisladure as your slumgullion stand,
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat' he should pe led,
If a mutter breat' it to her shild, I'd bunch her in de head;
Und I'm sure dat none vill atvocate ids use in pooblic schools,
Oonless dey 're peastly, nashdy, prutal, sauer-kraut eadin' fools."

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat', shoost make a liddle pause,
Und see sechs hundert gapin' eyes — sechs hundert shdarin' chaws!

Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen; von faindly dried to hiss;
Und von saidt: "Ish id shleeps I 'm treamin'—Gottstausend! — vhot ish dis?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow, boot boldly vent ahet,
"Of your oder shtinkin' hobits no vordt needt here pe set;
Shdop goozlin' bier—shdop shmokin' bipes—shdop rootin' in de mire,
Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselfs!—dat 's all dat I require."

Und denn dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat trop:
"Trow him mit ecks, py doonder!—go—shlog him on de kop!
Hei! shoot him mit a powie-knifes!—go for him, ganz and gar!
Shoost tar him mit some fedders! Led 's fedder him mit tar!"

Sooch a teufel's row of furie vas nefer oopkicket pefore, —
Some roosh to on-climb de blatform, — some hoory to festen de toor, —
Von veller vired his refolfer—boot de pullet missed her mark,
She coot de cort of de shandelier—it vell—und de hall vas tark!

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimply he couldt shoomp!
Und vell dat he light on a mist-hauf und nefer feel de boomp!
Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shtood sottelet shoost oudside!
Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a teufel's ride!

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin' py his ear,
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any moundain deer.
Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins — boot dey only could be-mark
Von climpse of his vhite obercoat — und a clotterin' droo de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen mit,
Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt from Schmit!
Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, und so pig a lump ash ran,
So — *nemine contradicente* — dey vented for Breitemann.

Und 't was annerthalb yar dereafter before der Schmit vas know
Vhat maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so,
Und he schvored at de Dutch more schlimmer ash Hiram Twine had done, —
Nota bene: he tid it in earnest, vhile der Hiram's vas pusiness-fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de fillage hat peen dricked,
He schwore bei Leib und Leben dat he'd rader hafe peen licked
Dan be helped droo sooch slumgoozlin',—und 't was petter to pe a schwein
Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake like dat lyin' Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heafy disgootet mit de boledics of dis land
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from trowin' oop his hand,
Vhen he held shtraight-flush mit an ace in his poot—vitch phrase ish all de same,
In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay
Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day.
Dis shows de Deutsch Dummehrlichkeit—also de Yankee "wit":—
Das ist das abenteuer how Breitmann lick der Schmit.

Breitmann as an Uhlan

"Bjór foeri ek thér,
Brynthings apaldr!
Magni blandinn
Ok magentíri,
Fullr er hann ljoda."
— *Sigrdrîfurnâl.*

"Beer I bear to thee,
Battle's great apple-tree
Mingled with might
And with bright glory,
All full of song."
— *The Edda.*

I

The Vision

"Dere vas vonce oopon a dimes a Fräntschman who asket if a Sherman could hafe *esprit.* Allowin' for his pad shbellin', de reater will find dat der Herr Breitmann was hafe *a spree* goot many dimes. You gant ged rount de Dootch." — Fritz Schwackenhammer.

Gotts blitz! blau Feuer, potz bomben Tod!
Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth?
Like hell-shtrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,
Trowin' dead light on eart' acain:—
Ja!—wide im nord om Odin shtone
Lies a shiant form im glare alone;

Troonk py de eis-kalt roarin' shdream,
Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.

Troonk om haunted Odinstein
Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein,
Vhere blooty Druids omens trew
From grin und screech of shaps dey slew;
Or vhere der Norseman long of yore
Vas carven eagles on de shore,
As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot
Und crows valk round knee teep im ploot,
Vhile rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay;
Dere — ten pottles troonk — Hans Breitmann lay.

Fast und rof der war-man shnore
Like de hammer-shlog of Thor,
Schnell ash Mjöllner's bang und beat
Heaved de form from het to veet,
Vhile apofe him in de shkies
Dere he saw a glorie rise,
Und im mittle von it all
De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wölfen glare
At de Aesir in de air,
Long mit schneerin' bären grin
He toorn his nase auf und hin
(For ne'er a Sherman — tam de otts —
Vas efer yet gife in to gotts),

Dill avery Aes owned oop dat he
A gott-like man of brass moost pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,
To his fader gotts he set:
"Let your worts of wisehood shlip;
Rush your runes, und let 'em rip!
For you de gotts hafe efer pe
Of dose who vere ash gotts to me: —
Alt Thor der Töhren here pelow —
Vot hell you vants,* I 'd like to know?"

Antworded ash de donner clangs,
Der fader of de iron bangs:
"De gotts will let de hell-dogs go,
Und raise damnation here pelow;
Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell
De rifers ten dat roon troo hell.
To telle dis I comme dence,
Dou lord of lion impudence.

"Drafeller! I know dee vell!
Breitmann improturbable!
Vhen on eart' I hat my shy,
Breitmann of dat age vas I.

---

* "Dese outpressions ish not to pe angeseen py anypodies ash *schvearin*, boot ash inderesdin' Norse or Sherman idioms. Goot many refiewers vot refiewsed to admire soosh derms in de earlier editions ish politelich requestet to braise dem in future nodices from a transcendental philological standpoint." — FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

I schwear py Thor! so crate und gay,
I smashed de Jötuns in my tay,
Und dou shall pe ge-writ sooplime
Ash de crate Thor of deiner time.

"Now ve lets de eagles vly
Skreemin' troo de vlamin' shky,
Our own specials:—dare nod laugh;
For in de London *Telegraph*
A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,
For, hop vhat may, he 's *alvays dere!*
Vill dell de worlt, troo blut and flame,
Hans Breitmann ist der Uhlan's name.

"Und all dou e'er on eart' has done,
From oop-gang oontil settin' sun,
Vill pe ash nix—I schvear py Thor!
To vat dou'lt do in dieser war;
Plazin' roofs und mordered men,
Hell set loose on eart' again;
Rush und ride in shtorm und boot,
Cannon roarin', pools of bloot;
Deutschland mad in fool career,
Led py dy Uhlanen speer.
Hell's harfest—sheafs of fictorie,
Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dee!

"Ja! On many a dorf und disch,
Dou shalt pring a requisish; *

---

* *Requisish.* An abbreviation of the word *requisition*, which Breitmann had

Dwendy dimes de Fräntscher men
Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain —
All dose dwenty times in von
Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,
Und dwenty dimes in blut and wein
Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

"Go! — mit shpeer und fiery muth!
Go! — mit durst for bier und blut!
Go! — mit lofe for Vaterland
Into burning fury fanned:
Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown
Vhere der Uhlan ist peen gone,
Und cocks vill roon und men crow tame
To hear of der Uhlanen name."

Der fision fadet in de shky,
Und hours vent on und time goed py.
Vot heardest dou, Napolium?
De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom!
Ven you hear de sound of de droom,
Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,

heard during the War of Emancipation. I once heard this cant term used in a droll manner, about the end of the war, by a little girl, six years old, the daughter of a quartermaster. She had "confiscated," or "foraged," or "skirmished," as it was indifferently called, a toy whip belonging to her little brother of four years, who was clamorously demanding its return. "I cannot let you have the whip," said she gravely, "as I need it for military purposes; but I can give you a requisish for it on my papa, who will give you an order on the United States Government." — C. G. L.

De treadful roarin' Dootch, mit de droom
Und de roompitty, pumpitty, poompity pum!
De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum,
Mit cannon roar und pattle hum,
Mit fee und faw on de foe und fum!
Led py de awful Breitemum!
Bitty boom!! BOOM!!

II

Breitmann in a Balloon

WHO vas efer hear soosh voonders,
Holy breest or virshin nonn?
As pefelled de Coptain Breitmann,
Vhen he hoont an air-ballon.
Der Bizzy* und der Dizzy,†
Mit Lothairingen und Lothair,
Vas nodings to dis Deutscher
Who vent kitin' troo de air.

Id was in yar Nofember,
In eighdeen sefendee,
Der Breitmann vent a prowlin',
By monden light vent he.
In fillages deserted
He hear de Uhu moan;
For you alvays hear der Uhu‡
Vhere der Uhu-lan ish gone.

Alone *allonsed*** der Uhlan,
Boot nodings could he find

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* Bismarck. † Disraeli. ‡ *Uhu.* An owl—the bird of kn-*owl*-edge.

** *Allons.* Uhlan slang for *go* or *went*, as in America, they use the Spanish word *vamos* to express every person in every sense of the verb *to go.* Pronounce *allon'd.*

Safe whitey clouds a-drivin'
In moonshine for de wind.
Boot ash he see dese cloudins
He bemark dat *von* vas round,
Und inshtead of goin' oopwarts
It kep risin' towards de ground.

"Oh, vot ish dis a-gomin'?
Some planet, py de Lord!
Too boor to life in heafen,
Coom down on eart' to poard;
Und pelow it schwing tree engels —
Two he vons mit a wench.
Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels
Can dose pe, dalkin' Fraentsch!

"I hafe read in Eckhartshausen
Dat oop in heafen — py tam!
De engels dalk in Sherman,
Und sing Mardin Luther's psalm.
O nein — es sind kein engeln
Vot sail so smoofly on,
Das sind verfluchte Franzosen
In einem luft-ballon!"

Hei! how der Breitmann streak it
Ven vonce he kess de trut'!
He spurred id like de wild fire
Of hope in early yout'.

Troo de weingarts like der teufel
  Vhen he shase a lawyer's soul;
Down der moundain mit his lanze
  Und his wafin' banderol.

Down de moundain, o'er de valley,
  Troo de village he ish gone;
Dog-barks die out pehind him,
  Oders bark ash he come on.
Liddle heedet he deir bellin',
  Liddle mind der Hahnen crow;
Liddle hear der Bauern yellin',
  Clotter, clodder, on he go.

"Oh, vot ish hoontin' foxen,
  Und vot ish yäger pliss,
Und vot ish shasin' bison
  On de blains, to soosh ash dis?
I hafe dinked dat roonin' rebels
  Vas de pest of eart'ly fun;
Boot id is n't half so sholly
  Ash to go a luft-ballon."

Und ash id shdill vent onwart,
  Shdill onwarts mit der wind,
Der coom a real madness
  To catch id, o'er his mind.
Und hadst dou seen him vlyin',
  Dat wild onfuriate brick,

Dou'st hafe schworn dat Coptain Breitmann
Was pecome balloonatic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,
In fain all dings let fall,
De ballon shdill kep a-sinkin',
Und id vould n't rise at all.
Yet de wild wind trife id onwarts,
Onwarts shdill der Breitmann go,
Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent
Vot vas hangin' town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwarts,
Ash he gling to id, of corse,
Mit de lefter hand he holtet
To de pridle of his horse.
Der horse valk on his hind-legs:
Too schwer to rise vas he;
Mein Gott! vot fix for Breitmann
Of de Uhlan cavallrie!

So he go for seferal stunden
Petween himmel und eart' pelow,
Boot der teufel und die engels
Couldn't make der Hans let go.
Dill all at vonce an idée
Coom from his loocky shtar—
He led co his horse's pridle
Und glimb oop indo de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet
  Vhen in dat air-ballon?
A nople Englisch vicomte,
  Milord de Robinson;
Und mit him vas a laity,
  Mit whom he 'd rooned afay,
Whom he indroduce to Breitmann
  Ash die Jungfer Salomé.

Und der dritte was a barson,
  Whom Milord, mit prudent view,
Hat took als secretairè,
  Likevise for pallast doo.
Dey should hafe bitched him ofer
  Vhen de gas was out, dey say;
Boot de damè vould not 'low it: —
  She 'd an arrière pensée.

Sait Milord: "Afar we 've wandered,
  We are done completely brown;
And I 'll give a thousand shiners
  If you 'll take me to a town
Where no one will molest us
  Till we find our way to Lon —"
Here der Breitmann ent de sentence
  Ash he gry out, shortly, "*done*."

"And as for this fair lady
  To whom I would be bound,"

Sait Milord, "we 'll have a wedding
Before we reach the ground.
To escape her father's anger
We fled to live in peace,
But she 's relatives in London,
And *they* have—the police."

O vas not dis a voonders
To make de Captain shdare?—
A tausend pounds in bocket
Und a veddin' in de air?
He gafe avay de laity,
Und als sie wieder kam
Zur festen Erde wieder,
Ward sie Robinson Madame.

"O go mit me," said Breitmann,
"O go in mein Quartier!
Don't mind dem gommon soldiers,
For I 'm an officier."
He guide dem troo de coontry
Till dey reach de ocean strand;
Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann,
In de far-off English land.

Dis ish Breitmann's last adfenture
How troo Himmel air flew he:
Und it's dime, O nople reader!
For a dime to part from dee.

Dou may'st dake it all in earnest
  Or pelieve id 's only fon;
Boot dere 's woonder dings has hoppent
  Fery oft in luft-ballon.

III

Breitmann and Bouilli

"Très estimé ami, — Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,
Vielleickt Sie denck wohl kar, das ick sey tod gestorb,
Ock ne Kott loben Danck, ick leb nock kanss wohl auf.
. . . . . .
Naturlich wie Kespenst die off die Kasse keh."
— *Deutsch-Franzos.* Leipzig, 1736.

Wot roombles down de Bergstrass?
Vot a grash ish in de air!
Mit a desberate gonfusion,
Und a gry of wild tespair,
Das sind gethräsht Franzosen,
Und dose who after flee
Are de terror of Champagner,
Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,
De hoonters lesser shdill;
Der Frank is ride for 's leben,
Der Deutscher rides to kill.
Ofer dickly-doosty faces
Deir eyes like wild-katzs glare;
De blut und iron ridin'
Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanen,
Der Breitmann ride de pest;

For he mark de Fräntsch gommanter
 Ish most elegandtly tresst.
Und ash he coom down on him,
 Dere 's a deat' look in his eye:
"Gotts! if I carfe dat toorkey,
 How I 'll make de stoofin' vly!"

Mit a clotter und a flotter,
 Like a hell-sturm dey are on:
Mit a rottle to de pattle
 Coom de Deutschers, knockin' down,
Down de moundain to a bruckè—
 Vhy die Fräntschmen toorn ad bay?
Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem,
 Und die pridge ish coot avay!

Von second der Franzose
 Look down mit blitzen eye;
Von second at de bruckè,
 Den toorn him round to die.
Vhile mit out-ge-poke-te lanze,
 Like ter teufel shot from hell,
Rode der ploonder-shtarvin' Breitmann
 On der grau-bart Colonel.

Vot for der Coptain Breitmann
 Ish shdop in his career?
Vot for he pool his pridle?
 Vot for let down his speer?

Vot for his eyes like saucers
Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?
Vot for his hair, a-pristlin',
Lift oop his pickel-haub?*

So awfool—so oneart'ly,
So treadful was his glare,
So unbeschreiblich gastly,
Dat der Colonel self was shkare.
Oop come der Breitmann ridin',
Und mit gratin' foice he said
"Bist—du—wirkelich—lebendig?
Can de grafe gife oop its tead?

"Dou livest yet—dou breaf'st yet,
Dough oldter now you pe
Since I mordered you in Strasburg,
Mein freund—mon Jean Bouilli.
We lofed de selfe maiden
Vohl forty years agone:—
She died to hear I kilt you:—
Jean—how weiss your beard ish grown!

"I would give my Hab' und Güter,
Dereto mein bit of life,
Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,
Und make her, Jean, dy wife!"

---

* "Der Uhlan was nod shenerally wear pickelhäube, but dis tay der Herr Breitmann gehappenet to hafe von on."—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

Here der Breitmann boorst out gryin',
  Like a liddle prook vept he;
Und dey hugged and gissed einander,
  Der Breitmann und Bouilli.

"Ach, de efils dat from efil
  Troo a life ish efer grow!
Had I nefer dink I killed you,
  Many a man were livin' now —
Many a man dat shleeps in cane-brakes,
  Many a man py pillow-shore;
For dy morder mate me reckelos,
  Und *von* tead man gries for more!

"O Mädchen! schön im Himmel!
  (Warst schon on eart' difine) —
Canst dink among de Engeln
  Of soosh as me und mine?
Den look on soosh a Reue,
  Ash eart' has nefer known: —
Whereto hast dou a sabre?
  Wherefore not kill me, Jean?"

"O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann!
  Je trouve cela trop fort,"
Gry der Colonel sehr politely;
  "*How!* — you crois dat I was *mort!*
Mon Dieu! 'T is but one minute,
  As we galloped to this plain,

I thought your spear, mon gaillard,
Would kill me o'er again.

"Je vous fais mon compliment,
Your tendresse becomes you well;
Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,
Pour la petite demoiselle.
I have had a thousand since;
One can always find such game;
Et pour dire la vérité,
I have quite forgot her name."

Der Breitmann look so earnest,
Long and earnest at his foe,
Ash if seein' troo his augen
To de forty years ago.
Mit *vot* a shmile der Breitmann
Toorned roundt und rode away:
Dat was all his parting greetin'
To der Colonel Français.

IV

Breitmann takes the Town of Nancy

O HEAR a wondrous shdory
Vot soundet like romance,
How Breitmann mit four Uhlans
Vas dake de town of Nantz.
De Fräntschmen call it Nancy,*
Und dey say its fery hard
Dat Nancy mit her soldiers
Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

Dey dink id vas King Wilhelm
Ash Hans ride in de down,
Und like Odin in his glorie
Gazed derriply aroun'.
Denn mit awfool condesenschen
He at de Fräntschmen shtare,
Und say, "Ye wretsched shildren,
Abbortez mir vodre mère!"

Hans mean de city Syndic,
Whom *maire* de Fräntschmen call;
So mit a tousand soldiers
Dey 'scort him to de Hall;
In de shair of shtade dey sot him,
Der maire coom to pe heard,

---

* Nancy, the "light of love" of Lorraine. — *London Times*, Dec. 6, 1870.

Und Hans glare at him fife minutes
Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ootered:
"Ich temand que rentez fous:
Shai dreisig mille soldaten
Bas loin d'ici, barploo!
Aber tonnez-moi Champagner;
Shai an soif exdrortinaire —
Apout one douzaine cart-loads;
Und dann je fous laisse faire."

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,
His segretairè — "Read
A liddle exdra listè
Of dings de army need,
Und dell dem in Französisch
Dey moost shell de neetfool down
In less dan dwendy minudes,
Or, py Gott, I'll purn de town."

"*Item* — one tousand vatches
Of purest gold so fair;
Dazu fünf tousand silbern,
For de gommon soldiers' wear;
Und tree dousand diamant ringè
Dey moost make tirectly come,
We need dem for our schweethearts
Ven we write to em at home!

"Von million cigarren
Ve 'll accept ash extra boons
For not squeezin' dem seferely,
Dazu dwelf tousand shboons."
Here der maire fell down in schwoonin',
Denn all dat he could say
Vas, "O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu!
Nous voilà ruinées!"

No wort der Breitmann ootered,
He only make a sgratch,
Calm and silend, on de daple,
Mid a liddle friction match.
De maire versteh de motion,
So went him to de task
Of raisin' mong de peoples
Vot it vas der Breitmann ask.

So kam he mit de ringè,
Dey vind dem pooty soon;
So kam he mit de vatches,
Und avery silber spoon.
Boot ash for de champagner,
He wept and loudly call
Dat *par dieu!* he had n't any,
For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

Ja! — de gorporal's guart have trinket
Efery pottle in de down,

Vhile dese negotiations
Oop-stairs vere written down.
Boot der Breitmann sooplimely,
Like von who nodings felt,
Said, ''Instet of le champagner
Nous brentirons du gelt.''

''Ja wohl! Donnes cent mille franken,
C'est mir egal, you know;
Pid dem pring id in a horry,
For 't is dime for oos to go.''
Der maire he pring de money,
Und der Breitmann squeeze his hand, —
''Leb wohl, dou nople brickbat,
Herzbruder in Frankenland!

''Boot it griefes my soul to larmen,
Und I sympatize mit dein,
To *pense* of you, mon ami,
Sans le champagner wein.
Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin',
Und it preak mine heart to dink
De vay dey'll bang and slang you
If dere 's no champagne to trink!

''Celà fous fera misere
Que she ne feux bas see;
So, vollow mes gonseilles,
Et brenez mon afis.

Shai, moi, deux mille boutelles,
De meilleur dat man can ashk,
Vich I will gladly sell —
Sheap as dirt — ten franks a flask."

De maire look oop to heafen,
Wohl nodings could he say.
Vhile oud indo de mitnight
Der Breitmann rode afay.
Away — atown de falley,
Till noding more abbears
Boot de glitter of de moonlight,
De moonlight on deir spears.

V

Breitmann in Bivouac

He sits in bivouacke,
By fire, peneat' de drees;
A pottle of champagner
Held shently on his knees;
His lange Uhlan lanze
Stuck py him in de sand;
Vhile a goot peas-poodin' sausage
Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanen
Sit round mit oben mout'
To hear der Breitmann's shdories
Of fitin' in de Sout'.
Und he gife dem moral lessons,
How pefore de battle pops:
"Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Denn his lieutenant bemarket:
"How voonder-shdrange it peen
Dat so very many wild pigs
Ish dis year in de Ardennes.
Ash I scout dere—donner'r 'wetter!—
I sah dem coom heraus,

Shoost here und dere an Eber
 Mit a hoondert tousand sows.

"Shoost dink of all dese she-picks
 Vot flet to neutral land!"
Said Breitmann: "Fery easy
 Ish dis to oonderstand:
Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen
 Vot you saw a-roonin' rond,
Ish a crate medempsygosis
 Of the Fräntsche demi-monde.

"I hafe readet in de Bible
 How soosh a coterie
Vas ge-toornet indo swine-picks,
 Und roon down indo de see;
Boot since de see aint handy,
 Or de picks vere all too dumm,
Dey hafe coot agross de porder
 Und vly to Belgium."

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin',
 Und got more liquor out,
Dey hearden from de sendry
 A shot und denn a shout.
Und Breitmann crasp his sabre
 Quick ash de bullet hiss,
Und leapin' out, demantet,
 "Herr'r'r'r Gott! vat row ish dis?"

Und bold der Schwabian answert:
  " Dis minute on de ground
Dere comed a Fräntschman greepin',
  On all-fours a-prowlin' round.
I ask him vat he vanted;
  '*Werda!*' I gry; boot he
Say nodings to my shallenge,
  Und only answer '*Oui.*'

" So I shoot him like der teufels,
  Und I rader dink our friend,
Dis sneakin' Frank-tiroir,
  Ish a-drawin' to his end."
So dey hoonted in de pushes,
  Und in avery gorner dig,
Boot, mein Gott! how dey vas laughin',
  Ven dey found a — mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,
  Und reat in de *Gaulois*
Of de most adrocious action
  De vorlt vas efer saw.
How de Uhlan cannibalen,
  Dis vile und awful prood,
Hafe killt a nople Fräntschman,
  Und cut him oop for food.

" Ja — shop him indo sausage,
  Und coot him indo ham;

Und schwear dey 'll serfe all oders
  Exacdly so — py tam!
Sons of France, awake to glory,
  Let your anciend valor shine!
Und shweep dis Prussian vermin
  Het und dails indo de Rhine!"

VI

Breitmann's Last Barty

For fear of some missed onderstandings, I vould shtate, dat dis is only mean de last Barty dat der Herr Coptain Breitmann has gegiven—*as yed*. Pimepy I kess he gife anoder von, und if I kits an in-leading, or indrotuckshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de vellers dat vos ad de virst Barty, vhere mine swister-in-law de Madilda Yane vas tantz mit Herr Breitmann.

Fritz Schwackenhammer,
Olim Studiosus Theologiæ, now Uhlan free-lancer,
und Segretarius of Coptain Breitmann

Vot gollops at mitnight,
Mit *h'roolah* and yell,
Like der teufel's wild yäger
Boorst loose out of hell?
Vot cleams in the sonrise
Bright vlashin' in gold?
Das sind die Uhlanzers
Of Breitmann der bold.

Dey frighten de coontry,
Dey ploonder de town;
And when dey are oop
Die Franzosen co down;
For pefore de wild Norsemen
De Southron must flee;
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos, Domine!

How dey sweep de chateaux!
  How dey grab oop de hens!
Und gobble de toorkeys
  Shoot oop in de pens!
Like de Angel of Deat'
  Dey are ragin' abroad:
You may track dem py fedders
  Knee-deep in de road.

O der Breitmann ish on,
  Und der Breitmann is on,
Und mit him de Uhlans
  Are ploonderin' gone.
De demon of fengeance
  His wings o'er em vave,
Mit deir fingers like hooks,
  Und mit maws like de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,
  So shplendid, of bricks;
Franzosen defend it,
  Das help em gar nichts.
For de Uhlans hafe take it,
  Dey smash in de gate,
Und inshpired by Gott's fury,
  Dey shdole all de plate.

From shamber to shamber
  Dey fighted deir way,

Till dead in de hall
De Franzosen all lay;
Und dere shtood a mädchen,
So lieblich und hold,
Who laugh at de dead
Troo her ringlocks of gold.

Denn der Breitmann, all plooty,
To'm mädel so lind,
Spoke courtly und tender:
"Vy laughst dou, mein kind?"
Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,
Mit lippe so red,
Said, "Vy *not* shall I laughen
Vhen Frenchmen are dead?

"I coom here from Deutschland,
De shildren to teach;
Dey mock me for Deutsch,
Und dey sneer at mein sbeech;
Und since de war komm,
I vas nearly gone mad,
You would n't peliefe
How dey dreet me so pad."

Mit a tear Breitmann bend
To de peaudifool miss;
"Crate Gott! canst dou suffer
Soosh horrors ash dis?"

His arm round de maiden
  Der hero has bound,
Und it shtaid dere goot vhile,
  Fore dey got it unwound.

"Ho! fetch me de diamonds!
  Ho! shell out de rings!
Mit all in de castle
  Of dat sort of dings."
'T was brought to de Captain —
  A donderin' load:
At de veet of de mädchen
  Dat ploonder he trowed.

"Ho! pring oos champagner!
  Und light oop de hall!
Dis night der Herr Breitmann
  Will gife you a ball.
Dat pile of dead vellers,
  Vot died for La France,
May see, if dey like,
  How de Shermans can tance."

Dey find laties' garments,
  Und — troot to confess —
Likewise som Fräntsch maidens,
  Who help dem to tress.
De rest of de Uhlans
  Who had n't soosh loves,

Fixed oop in black clothes
  Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei! for de fittles!
  Und hei! for clavier!
For de tanz of de Uhlans—
  De men of de speer!
How de shendlemen ashk
  If dey 'd blease introduce;
How de ladies mit beards
  Were called Espionnes Prusses!

Hei, ho! how dey tanzet!
  Hei, ho! how dey sang!
How mit klingen of glasses
  De braun arches rang.
How dey trill from deir hearts,
  Ash dey pour out der wein,
De songs of de Oberland,—
  Songs of der Rhein.

Und madder und wilder,
  All whirlin' around,
Vent Hans mit de maiden
  In Bacchanal bound.
She helt to his peard,
  Und dey gissed as if mad;
I tont dink dat efer
  Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,
Ever calm on de floor,
Was a row of still guests
Dat wouldt tantz nefermore.
Mit plood shtreams black winding,
Der lord mit his men,
When der Youngest Day cooms
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,
So rash und so wild!
Hoorah for der Uhlan,
Der teufel's own child! —
Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Barty,"
Dey 'll sing it for years;
De lords of de lanzes,
De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de coontry,
Dey ploonder de town;
Und when dey are oop
De Franzosen go down;
For pefore de wild Norsemen
Weak Southrons moost flee;
Ab ira Normannorum
Libera nos, Domine!

VII

Breitmann as a Trumpeter

De land mit snow fur is bedecket,
Avery dree is ge-dresst like a queen;
Dark leafs shtickin' out troo de whiteness
Like plack dails on a proud hermeline.
Und ofer der scene dere coom reiten
Uhlanen so sholly und gay,
Mit ter ron dirry don dy ron day ne',
Und a ron dy ron dy ron dé!

Dere 's a word in a hoory gespoken,
Und off in a gallop dey 're gone:
De lances pend forvarts like mast-tops,
Of pirates py dempests plown on.
For dey hear de Vengeurs are pefore dem,
Und dey skurry to trive dem avay,
Mit ter ron de ron dy ron day ne',
Und a ron dy ron don dy ron dé!

Dey boorst like a bom on de Fräntschmen;
Boot der Hans as mit reason pereft,
Goed reiten avay from de pattle,
Und circled around to de left,
Vhere dere shtood a Französisch trompéter,
A-plowin' und pipin' avay,

Mit his ron dirry don dirry day neh,
  Und don dirry don dirry dé!

Mit a cut from his razor-edge sabre,
  Hans marked him avay mit de dead:
De draw-cut he often hafe practise
  Vitch trop off de trompeter's head.
Und as on de snow it vent rollin'
  Hans dink vot Æsopus have say,
Of trompéters vot plow dirry day neh,
  Mit ton dirry don dir on day.

Like lightnin' Hans grab at de trumpet
  Pefore it vas fall to his veet,
Und sharp, mit a derrible blarin',
  He plowed de Französisch retreat.
Dis vas shoost ash de Uhlans coom dashin',
  So de Fräntschmen redreaded dat day,
Mit a ron dirry don dy ron day neh,
  Und don dirry don di ron dé.

Dis song is de song of de Teuton
  Vot toot on a trumpet so loud,
Und der Breitmann dat day vas de tutor
  Who teach a new drick to de crowd.
It ish goot for to plow your own trumpet,
  Vas all dat der Breitmann vouldt say,
Mit his don dirry don dy ron day neh,
  Und don dirry don dy ron dé.

Hans Breitmann in Europe

Breitmann in Paris

1869

> "Recessit in Franciam."
>
> "Et affectu pectoris,
> Et toto gestu corporis,
> Et scholares maxime,
> Qui festa colunt optime."
> —*Carmina Burana*, 13th century.

Der teufel 's los in Bal Mabille,
Dere 's hell-fire in de air,
De fiddlers can't blay noding else
Boot Orphée aux Enfers;
Vot makes de beoples howl mit shoy?
Da capo—bravo!—bis!!
It 's a Deutscher aus Amerikà:
Hans Breitmann in Paris.

Dere 's silber toughts vot might hafe peen,
Dere 's golden deeds vot *must:*
Der Hans ish come to Frankenland
On one eternal bust.
Der same old rowdy Argonaut
Vot hoont de same oldt vleece,

A-hafin' all de foon dere ish —
Der Breitmann in Paris.

Mit a gal on eider shoulder
A-holdin' py his beard,
He tanz de Cancan, sacrament!
Dill all das volk vas skeered.
Like a roarin' hippopotamos,
Mit a kangarunic shoomp,
Dey feared he'd smash de Catacombs,
Each dime der Breitmann bump.

De pretty liddle cocodettes
Lofe eferydings ish new,
"D'où vient il donc ce grand M'sieu?
O sacré nom de Dieu!"
In fain dey kicks deir veet on high,
And sky like vlyin' geese,
Dey can not kick de hat afay
From Breitmann in Paris.

O vhere vas id der Breitmann life?
Oopon de Rond Point gay,
Vot shdreet lie shoost pehind his house?
La rue de Rabelais.
Aroundt de corner Harper's shtands
Vhere Yankee drinks dey mill,
Vhile shdraight ahet, agross de shdreet,
Der lies de Bal Mabille.

Id 's all along de Elysées,
Id 's oop de Boulevarce,
He 's sampled all de weinshops,
Und he 's vinked at efery garçe.
Dou schveet plack-silken Gabrielle,
O let me learn from dee,
If 'tis in lofe—or absinthe drunks,
Dat dis wild ghost may pe?

Und dou may'st kneel in Notre Dame,
Und veep avay dy sin,
Vhile I go vight at Barrière balls,
Oontil mine poots cave in;
Boot if ve pray, or if ve sin—
Vhile nodings ish refuse,
'Tis all de same in Paris here,
So long ash *l'on s'amuse.*

O life, mein dear, at pest or vorst,
Ish boot a vancy ball,
Its cratest shoy a vild *gallop*,
Vhere madness goferns all.
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,
Und nefer leafe a shbark,
Sdill I 'd find my vay to Heafen—or—
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe!
O keep a liddel sprung!

Oonendless wisdom ish but dis:
To go it vhile you 're yung!
Und Age vas nefer coom to him,
To him Spring plooms afresh,
Who finds a livin' spirit in
Der Teufel und der Flesh.

Breitmann in La Sorbonne

Der Breitmann sits in La Sorbonne,
A note-pook in his hand,
'T vas dere he vent to lectures,
Und in oldt Louis le Grand.
Id 's more ash two und dwendy years
Since here I used mein pen;
Oh, where ish all de characders,
Dat I hafe known since denn?

Der cratest boet efer vas,
Der pest I efer known,
Vent lecdures here, too, shoost like me,
Le Sieur Françoys Villon.
He raise de teufel all arount,
He hear de Sorbonne chime;
Crate shpirid, ender in mein heart,
Und mofe mein soul to rhyme.

Ballade

Dictes moy—in what shpirit land
Ish Clara Lafontaine?
Or Pomaré, or La Frisette,
Who blazed on soosh a train?
Shveet Echo flings de quesdion pack
O'er lake or shdreamlet lone;
All eart'ly peauty fades afay,
Vhere ish dem lofed ones gone?

Oh, vhere ish Lola Montez now,
So loved in efery land?
How oft I shmoked dose cigarettes
She rollt mit vairy hand!
Dat mighdy soul, dat shplendit brick,
A saint 's pecome to be,
For mit soosh saints der Breitmann make
His Hagiologie.

Und vhere ish La Pochardinette?
Ish she too mit de dead?
She loafed de Latin Quarter mit
A hat und fedder on her het.
Lebe wohl petite Pochardinette!
Qui ne safait refuser,
Ni la ponche à la bleine ferre,
Ni sa pouche à un paiser.

O Prince! dese quesdions all are nix,
I sit here all alone,
Mit von refrain to end de shdrain,
Vhere ish mein lofed vons gone?
Vhen Marcovitch has cut und run,
Und Schneider 's off de ving,
Some cray old reprobate like me
Vill of dese lofed vons sing.

Breitmann in Forty-eight

DERE woned once a studente,
All in der Stadt Paris,*
Whom jeder der ihn kennte,
Der rowdy Breitmann hiess.
He roosted in de rue La Harpe,
Im Luxembourg Hotel,
'T was shoost in anno '48,
Dat all dese dings pefel.

Boot he who vouldt go hoontin' now
To find dat rue La Harpe,
Moost hafe oongommon shpecdagles,
Und look darnation sharp.
For der Kaiser und his Hausmann
Mit hauses made so vree,
Dere roon shoost now a Bouleverse
Vhere dis shdreet used to pe.

* There is a German student's song which begins with this couplet.

In dis Hotel de Luxembourg,
A vild oldt shdory say,
A shtudent vonce pring home a dame,
And on de nexter day,
He pooled a ribbon from her neck —
Off fell de lady's het;
She 'd trafelled from de guillotine,
And valked de city — deadt.

Boot Breitmann nefer cared himself
If dis vas falsch or drue,
I kess he hat mit lifin' gals
Pout quite enough to do.
Und Februar vas goming,
Ganz revolutionnaire,
Und vhere der Teufel had vork on hand,
Der Hans vas alvays dere.

Und darker grew de beople's brows,
No Banquet could dey raise,
So dey shtood und shvore at gorners,
Or dey singed de Marseillaise.
Und here und dere a crashin' sound
Like forcin' shutters ran,
Und boorstin' gun-schmids' vindows in
Hard vorked der Breitemann.

He helped to howl Les Girondins,
To cheer de beople's hearts ;

He maket dem bild parricades
  Mit garriages und garts.
Vhen a bretty maiden sendinel
  Vonce ask de countersign,
He gafe das kind a rousin' giss,
  Gott hute dir und dein!

Und wilder vent de pattle,
  France spread her oriflamme,
Und deeper roared de sturm-bell,
  De bell of Notre Dame;
Und he who nefer heard it,
  O'er shots und cries of fear,
Loud booming like a dragon's roar,
  Has someding yet to hear.

Und in de Faubourg Saint-Antoine
  Dere comed a fusillade,
Und dyin' groans und fallin' dead
  Vere roundt dat parricade.
But der song of Revolution
  From a tousand voices round
Made a fearful opera gorus
  To de deat' gries on de ground.

Und all around dose parricades
  Dey raise der teufel dere;
Somedimes dey vork mit pig-axes,
  Und somedimes mit gewehr.

Dey maket prifate houses
  Give all deir arms afay,
Und denn oopon de panels
  Dey writet *Armes données.*

Und ve saw mid roarin' vollies,
  Shtreaked like banded settin' suns,
Two regiments coom ofer,
  Und telifer oop deir guns.
Hei! — how de deers vere roonin':
  Hei! — how dey gryed hurrahs!
For dey saw de vight vas ofer,
  Und dey know dey gained deir cause.

Dus spoke deir hearts outboorstin',
  In battle by de blade,
From sun to sun mit roarin' gun
  Und donnerin' parricade.
In vain pefore de depudies
  De princes tremblin' stood,
Vot cooms in France too late a day
  Cooms shoost in dime for blood.

Vhen de Tuileries vas daken,
  Amid de scotterin' shot,
Und vlyin' stones, und howlin',
  Und curses vild und hot,
'T vas dere Hans clobbed his musket,
  Und dere de man vas first

To roosh into de palace,
  Ven de toors vere in-geburst.

Some vellers burn de guart-haus,
  Some trink des Königs wein;
Some fill deir hats mit rasbry sham
  Und prandy beeches fein.
Hans Breitmann in de gitchen
  Vas shdare like averyding,
To see vot lots of victual-de-dees
  Id dakes to feed a king.

Und oder volk, like plackguarts,
  Vent dook de goaches out;
Und burnin' dem, dey rolled dem
  Afay mit yell und shout.
Der Breitmann in der barlor,
  Help writen rapidly,
La liberté pour la Pologne!
  Likevise—*pour l'Italie!*

Den in der Tuileries courtyard
  Ten tousand volk come on;
Dey vas gissin' und hurrahin'
  For to dink der king vas gone.
Some vas hollerin' und tantzin'
  Round de blazin' oldt caboose;
Vhen Fräntschmen kits a-goin',
  Den dey lets der teufel loose.

Boot von veller set me laughin',
  Who roosh madly roun' de field;
He hat rop de Cluny Museum,
  Und gestohlen speer und schild.
Mit a sblentit royal charger,
  Vitch he hat somevhere found,
Like a trunken wild Don Quixote,
  He vent tearin' oop und round.

Doun vent de line of Bourbons,
  Doun vent de vork of years,
Ash de pillars of deir temple
  Ge-crashed like splintered speers;
Und o'er dem rosed a phantom,
  Wild, beautiful, und weak,
Vhile millions gry arount her—
  "Vive! vive la République!"

Tree days mid shdiflin' powder shmoke,
  Tree days mid cheers und groans,
Ve fought to guard de parricades,
  Or pile dem oop mit shtones.
De hand vitch held de bistol denn,
  Or made de crowbar bite,
Das war de same Hans Breitmann's hand
  Vitch now dese verses write.

Breitmann in Belgium

“Vlaenderen, dag en nacht
Denk ik aen u.
Waer ik ook ben en vaer,
Gy zyt my altyd naer.
Vlaenderen, dag en nacht
Denk ik aen u.

“Overal vrolykheid,
Overal lust.
Maegden van fier gelaet,
Knapen zoo vroom en draet.
Overal vrolykheid,
Overal lust.”
—*Hoffmann von Fallersleben.*

Breitmann in Spa

When sommer drees shake fort deir leafs,
Ash maids shake out deir locks,
Und singen mit de rifulets,
Vitch ripplen round de rocks,
Und beople swarm land-outwards,
Und cities weary men,
Hans Breitmann rode de Belgier mark
For Spa in Les Ardennes.

Und vhen he came to Spadenland,
He found it fein und fair,

For dey pour him out de péké schnapps,
Dazu elixir rare;
Und mit a soldier's inshdink
To find a shanse to shoot,
Mitout delay he fire afay
Right in de Grande Redoute.*

De virst shot dat der Breitmann fired
He pring de peaches down,
For he hit de double zéro mit
A gold Napoleon.
Und ash he raked de shiners in,
He hummed a liddle doon:
"I kess I tont try dat again,"
Said he, "dis afdernoon."

Boot vhen he coom to *rouge et noir*,
A tear fell tripplin' denn,
Id look so moosh like goot old dimes
To come dose games again.
Yet vhen he lossed a hundred francs,
He sadly toorned afay,
"I'd rader *keep* de tiger here,
Dan vight him, any day."

Und shtanding py de daple,
He saw a French lorette

---

* La Redoute — the gambling-room at Spa.

Vat porrowed shpecie all around,
Und lossed at efery bet.
"Id 's all de same mit dis or dat,
Or any kind of sin,
De lorette or de rolette — bot'
Will make de money shpin."

He trinket of Le Pouhon well,
Und from La Sauvenière;
He tried it ad de Barisart,
Und auch de Géronstère.
"Dey say dat Trut' lie in a well,
So trink from all we can,
Und here we'll prove dat Trut' is Health,
Dat 's so," says Breitemann.

So long in ruined Franchimont
He sat on hollowed ground,
Und dinked of Wilhelm de la Marck,
Who 'd raked dat coontry round.
"Mein Gott! how id vas mofe mine heart
To read in hishdory,
Und find de scattered shinin' lights
Of vellers shoost like *me!*

"Dis nople boar-pig of Ardennes,
Dis shtately Wallowin lord,
Vas make him vamous py de pen,
Und glorious py de swordt,

Und showed his hero-scholarship,
Vhen he wrote to de pishop, ‘Satis,
Brulabo monasterium
Vestrum, si non payatis.’

“Dey say dat in de keller here
Dere lifes a coblin briest,
Dereto a teufelsjägersmann
Vot guard a specie chest.
O if I vonce could find de vay,
Und spot dat box of checks,
I voonder shoost how long ’t would pe
Pefore I ’d twis deir necks.”

Und in de Walk of Meyerbeer,
Vhere plashin’ brooklets ring,
He see vhere in de water wild
De wood-birds flip deir wing.
“Ash de prooklet ’s lost in de rifer,
Und de rifer ’s lost in de sea,
Mine soul kits lost on water ‘plain,’”
Says Breitemann, says he.

Und ash he walked de Meyerbeer
He marcked, peside de way,
A rock shoost like a wild boar’s head,
Vraie tête du sanglier.
Der Breitmann heafe a shiant sigh,
Und say mit ’motion grand:

"Von crate idée ish über all
In dis der Schweinpig's land."

He drafel troo de Val d'Amblève,
He lounge de schweet Sept Heures,
He shdare indo de window-shops,
Und see de painted ware.*
He looket at de fans und dings,
Denn said, "To tell de trut',
Dere 's painted vares more dear ash dis
Oopshdairs in La Redoute."

Und sittin' in de Champignon,
Vitch rose 'neat' Lofe's schweet hand,
He read in books of Marmontel,
Of Jeannette et Lubin.
Id 's nice to see Simplicitas
Rococoed oop mit vlowers,
Und dink *soosh* virtue shdill may life
In dis base vorldt of ours.

'T vas here, oopon de Spadoumont
Deir gottashe used to set;
'T vas here dey keeped von simple cow
Likevise an lettuce-bett.
Berhaps I hafe crown vorldly since,
Yet shdill may druly say,
Dat in mine poyhood's tays I vas
Apout so good ash dey.

---

* Spa is famous for painted ornamental wooden ware, such as fans and boxes.

But he vot vant to see dis land,
Und has nod time for all,
Eash woodland nook und shady brook,
On Herr Marcette shouldt call.
For he has baintet all to live
Vhen de drees demselfs are gone;
Und shoost so goot as artist, auch,
Ish he bon compagnon.

Farevell, schveet Spa—dou home of vlowers,
Of ruin and of rock,
Vhere vild pirds sing und de band ish blay
Each tay at sefen o'clock.
If all de shbrees dat Spa has seen
Vere melted into von,
De soul vouldt reach Nirwana—lost
In transcendental fun.

Breitmann in Ostende

"Hupsa! jonker Jan,
Die wel ruiter worden kan."

Soon tidings to der Breitmann came
Ash he sat at table end,
Dere 's right goot fisch at Blankenberghe,
Und oysters in Ostend.
Denn to Ostland ve will reiten gaen,
To Ostland o'er de sand,
Dou und I mit pridle drawn,
For dere ish de oyster land.

Und vhen dey shtood bei Ostersee,
Vhere de waters roar like sin,
Dere coom five hundert fischer volk
To dake der Breitmann in.
"Gotts doonder! Should ve doomple down
Amoong de waters plue,
I kess you 'd vant more help from me
Dan I should vant from you!

"If you hat peen vhere I hafe peen
Und see vot *I* hafe see,
Vhere de surf rise oop nine tausend feet,
In de land of Nieuw Jarsie;
Und schwimmed dat surf ash *I* have schwimmed,
Peside de Jersey stran'"——
From dat day fort' de Ostland men
Shdeered glear of der Breitemann.

Boot von ding set him shvearin' so,
I dinked he 'd nefer cease;
De Ostend oysters kostet more
In Ostend als Paris.
Hans asked an anciendt fisherman
To 'splain dis if he may,
Und says he, "Mijn Heer—dey 're beter hier
Als ein hundert leagues afay.

"Und as de oysters beter hier
Of course dey kostet more"——

Der Breitmann dook his bilcrim shdaff,
Und toorned him to de toor.
Says Hans, "De Vlaemsche fischermen
Can sheat de vorldt, I pet;
Dey sheaten von anoder too, ——
All's fisch to a Dutchman's net.

"Der king peginned a palace hier,
De palace hat to shtop,
He foundt de beoples sheaten so
He gife de bildin' oop.
Aldough das Leben hier ish goot,
Ad least Ostend-sibly" ——
So shpoke der Breitemann und cut
Dat city py de sea.

Breitmann in Gent

"Wie kennt die stad waer alles nog
Van Vlaenderens grootheid spreekt?
Waer ontrouw, valschheid en bedrog
Van schaemte nog verbleekt?"
— Ledeganck

If I hat gold, as I hafe time,
I tells you how 't vere shpent,
On efery year I'd shtay a week
In Vlanderen's hoofstad, Gent.
For, oh! de sveet wild veelin's,
In dat stad do mofe me so,

Vhen I 'd dink of all de clorious men
Vot life dere long aco.

If efer man hat manly heart,
He 'd veel dat heart to beat,
Vhen mit de oldten dime of Gent
He valks troo efery shdreet.
Und ach! de volk are yet so goot,
It gave me soosh a pliss,
Vhen I hear a bier-hous spielman sing
A melodie like dis: —

"Het was op eenen Monday,
All on a Monday free,
Dat mijnheere Jacob Van Artevelde
Unto his men said he:
He seide — 'Mijn lief gesellen,
Ve all moost ride out land,
And trive our way to Bruges town,
Or Brussel in Braband.'

"Und as he oonto Brussel cam,
De meisjes sprong from bed,
Und found Mynheere Van Artevelde
Mit a cross-bolt troo his head."
Und shoost pecause dis bier-hous song
Recht troo my heartsen vent,
I feel dat I could life und die
All in de down of Gent.

Breitmann in Holland

's Gravenhage.—The Hague

"In dis boem, mein freund der Herr Breitmann hafe his fiews on art peforegeset mit a deepness und shorthood vich is bropably oonliked in Aesthetik. Ve hafe here, within de circumcomprehensifeness of dirty-two lines, a théorie vitch—shortsomely exbressed—sends to der teufel eferydings ash vas ever gescribed pefore on kunst or art, und maket eferypodies, from Baumgartner doun to Fischer und Taine, look shoost like puddin'-headet old gasbalgs. Boot to de boem. For de informadion of dem ash ish not gestudied art, I vould shtate dat Adriaan Brauwer (who ish as regards an unvollkomene technik de first of all Holland malers) was nefer paint nodings boot droonken plackguards und liederlich dings, und Van Ostade und Jan Steen vas in most deir bilds a goot deal like him."

—Fritz Schwackenhammer.

Hans reitet troo de Nederland,
From Rotterdam below,
To Gravenhaag und Leyden
Und Haarlem—all arow;
He shtoodit in de galleries
A tausend works of art;
Boot ach—der Adriaan Brauwer
Vent most teepest to his heart.

Und dus exglaim der Breitmann
In woonder-solemn shdrain,
"De cratest men vere Brauwer,
Van Ostade, und Jan Steen.

Der Raffael vas vel enof;
Dat ish in his shmall vay;
Boot—Gott im Himmel!—vot vas he
Coompared mit soosh as dey?

"Shoost see dat vight of troonken boors—
Von tears de oder's goat:
Vhile de oder mit a pointet knife
Ish goin' for his troat.
Und a mädchen mit a tree-leg shtuhl
Ish clip him on de het,
In dese higher human passion valks,
Der Raffael's coldt und deadt.

"De more ve digs into de eart'—
Or less ve seeks a star,—
De nearer ve to *Natur* coom,
More panthéistich far;
To him who reads dis myst'ry right,
Mit insbiration gifen,
Der Raffael's rollen in de dirt,
Vhile Brauwer soars to Heafen."

Breitmann in Leyden

Tis shveet to valk in Holland towns
Apout de twilicht tide,
Vhen all ish shdill on proad canals,
Safe vhere a poat may clide.

Shdrange light on darkenin' vater falls,
In long soft lines afar,
Der abendroth on dunkelheit,
Vitch shows — or hides — a star.

De pridges risen all aroundt
So quaindly, left und right,
Pedween each pridge und shattow lies
A lemon of yellow light,
Und das volk a-goin' ober
So darklin' onwarts pass,
Dey look like Chinese shattows — shown
Apofe a lookin'-glass.

All shdiller grows, und shdiller,
Sogar die efenin preeze
Ish only heardt far ober het
In dese long lines of drees;
A real oldt Holland' feelin'
Cooms gadderin' ober all,
You 'd nefer dink a sturm hat peen
Oopon dis Grand Canawl.

De nople houses! — how dey 'd mofe
An old New Yorker's heart,
Time vas, 'twix dese und dose at home
You could n't tell 'em part,
Mit crate brass knockers on de toors,
Und parlors town so low

You see de crates a-glowin' prite
  O'er carbets ash you go.

Dere 's comfort-full of averydings,
  You veel it ash you look,
You knows de volks ish opulend,
  Und keep a bully cook;
Und oopon de high camine,
  Or here und dere on shelf,
Dere 's Japanesisch dings in rows,
  Pemingled oop mit delf.

Dere 's noding in dis Holland life
  Vitch seems of present day;
De fery shildern in de shdreeds
  Look quaintlich as dey blay;
De liddle rosy housemaids
  In bicdures vell I know;
De dames und heers have all an air
  Of sixdy years ago.

They may dalk of anciendt hishdory
  Und for romantisch seek,
De ding dat mofes most teeply ish
  Old-vashioned — not antique.
O if you live in Leyden town
  You 'll meet, if troot' pe told,
De forms of all de freunds who tied
  Vhen du werst six years old.

Scheveningen

OR DE MAIDEN'S COORSE

Oldt Flämisch

Set vas Mijn Heer van Torenborg
Ride oud oopon de sand,
Und vait to hear a paardeken
Coom tromplin' from de land.
He vaited vhen de boeren volk
Vent oud oopon de plain,
He vaited dill de veary crows
Flew nestwarts home acain.

He vaited ash de wild fox vaits
In long-some hoonger noth,
He vaited dill de flitterin' bats
Vere plack on Abendroth.
Id 's woe to watch for taily bread
Or bide forgotten call,
Boot oh, to vait for heartsen lofe
Ish veariest of dem all.

"O dat ish not mine laity's prooch
Shoost now so star-like shined,
O dat ish not mine laity's haar
Soft floatin' on de wind.
Her goot crayhound mit soosh a step
Vas nefer vont to go,

Und dat is niet her paardeken
Whose shtep so vell I know.

"Dat light ish speer light from a lanz
Vitch 'll part mine pody und soul,
De floatin' haar is a pennon gay
Or wafin' banderol.
De crayhound ish a ploot-hound wild
Vitch long has dracked me here,
Und het paardeken ish a var-horse
Vot has hoonted me like deer."

Well shpoke Mijn Heer van Torenborg;
All drue vas afery wordt,
For dey bored him troo mit lanzen,
Und dey hewed him mit de swordt.
Dey killt him armloss, harmlos;
De plooty reiver band;
Und puried him so careloosly
Dat his vace shtick out de sand.

Boot e'er night's plack hat toorned to red,
Or e'er de stars vere gone,
Dere came de shtep of a paardeken
Soft tromplin', tromplin' on.
A laity fair climped off on him
Und trip mit dainty toes: —
Boot oh, mijn Gott! — how she vas shkreem
Ven she trot on her drue lofe's nose!

"Oh, vot ish dis I trots opon?
Ids shape fool well I know;
Dere nefer yet vas flower like dis,
Dat in de garten crow.
Dere nefer yet vas fruit like dis
Ash ripen on a dree;
Het is Mijn Heer van Torenborg
Dat kan ik blainly see.

"Dat heerlijk nose, van Torenborg,
Ish known of anciend dime,
'T is writ in olten chronikel
Und sung in minsdrel rhyme.
Und dis, de noblest of de race
Since hishdory pegans,
Ish shtickin' here — shdraighdt out de dirt,
Shoost like some boer manns.

"Oh, cuss de man dat mordered him!
Ach, cuss him oop and down,
Ja — cuss him troo de forest roads,
Und tamn him in de toun!
Und burn his vater und moder,
Vhere'er deir vootshteps vall,
Mit his schwesters und his broders,
De teufel rake dem all!

"May afery cuss dat e'er vas cusst
Since cussin' foorst pegan

Pe hoorled in von drementous cuss
  Acainsdt dat nasdy man!
From de foorst crate cuss on Adam,
  To de smalles' of de crop"—
Here de tead man gafe a shifer,
  Und gry oud, "For Gott's sake—*shdop!*

"Dere 's a cerdain lot of shwearin',
  Vitch anger alvays crafes;
Boot spite like dat 's enof to pring
  De tead men from deir craves.
I can't lie here no longer,
  Und hear soosh pizen pain;
Und since you 've shtirred me out, I kess
  I 'll coom to life acain."

Mit von drementous shkreem of pliss,
  His drue lofe shtood de shock,
Den catcht him wildly py de nose,
  "Ach Torenborg—lev'st du nock!
Ach ja—du aint'st nod tead yet!
  Dere 's life shdill lef' pehind,
Gott pless de chance dat lef' dy nose,
  Shdill wafin' in de wind."

Mit hands all ofer diamonds
  She loosed de sand apout,
Mit an oyster-shell so wildly
  She digged her lofer out.

“Und now dou ’rt in free air, lofe!
Who warst shoost now in sand!
Dere vasn’t ish a nicer man,
In all de Nederland!”

Vhere vas dit liedeken written,
Vhere vas dit liedeken sing,
Dat had gedone Hans Breitmann,
In de town of Schevening!
’T vas written ober Rheinwein,
’T vas written ober bier—
Und wer das lied gesungen hat,
Gott geb ihm ein glücklich’s jahr.

Breitmann in Amsterdam

To Amsterd—m came Breitmann
All in de Kermes tide;
Yonge Maegden allegader
Filled de straat on afery side.
De meisjes in de straaten
Vere tantzin’ alle nacht long;
Dere vas kissen, dere vas trinken,
Mit a roar of Holland song.

Who went into de straaten
Ven de sonn had gone his day,
De Dootch gals quickly grapped him,
Und tantzed him wild avay.

Dere was der Prinz von Capua,
  Who fell among dese wags;
Dey tantzed him off in a carmagnole,
  Und sent him home in rags.

Und den at afery gorner,
  So peaudifool to see,
De volk was bilin' dough-nuts,
  Or else was fryin' tea.
Und Kermes cakes mit boetry,
  Vitch land-volk dinks a dreat,
Mit all of Barnum's blayed-out shows
  In dents along de shdreet.

Id pring de tears to Breitmann's eyes
  To find in many a shtand
Vot oft he'd baid a quarder for
  To see in a distand land.
De Aztec dwins und de Siamese
  (Dough soom vere a wachsen sham);
Mit de Beardet Frau und de Bear Woman—
  All here in Amsterdam.

De fashion here in Nederland
  Ish not vot you 'd soopose,
Mit oos, men bays de vomens,
  Boot de Dootch gals hires deir beaux!
Dey hire dem for de season,
  Und pecause moosh rain ish fell,

Dey alvays bays a higher brice,
   For a man mit an umberell.

Und dere was Nord Hollander maids,
   So woonderfool to see,
Mit caps of gold und goldne pins,
   Und quaint orféverie.
Likewise de Zeeland boersmen,
   Mit silber bootons gay,
Und silber belts, und silber knives,
   Mijn Gott! — how sdrange vere dey!

But dough de men wore silber gear,
   Und de vrouws in gold were tall,
De gals vere gabblin' all de dimes,
   Und de men said nodin' at all.
"Dey say dat sbeech is silbern,
   Boot silence golden pe.
Dat aint de vay dey vork id here,"
   Said Breitemann, said he.

Goot Gott! how Breitmann vent it,
   In moonlighdt or in rain;
Den vakened to Schied—m it,
   Ven de mornin' peamed again.
For to solfe von awfool broplem
   He vas efer shdill incline;
If — den wijn is beter als de min,
   Or — de min doet veel meer als de wijn.

Dwo weeks der Breitmann studiet,
Vile he vent it on de howl.
He shpree so moosh to find de troot',
Dat he lookt like a bi-led owl.
Den he say, "Ik wil honor Bacchus,
So long as ik leven shall;
But not so moosh vercieren
As to blace him ofer all.

"De rose of lofe is lofely
In zomer ven it plow;
De bush shdill gifes a bromise
In winter mid de shnow;
Ja, als de bloeme is geplukt,
En van den steel genomen,
Ve know de peautiful vill life
Till zomer is gekomen.

"Boot oh, dose vas arch-heafenly dimes,
Ven by mine lofe I sat;
Und see de maedchen pring de grapes,
Und crash dem in a vat.
Und ven her glances unto mine
In plessfool ropture toorn,
I dink dere ne'er vas no dwo crapes
Like dem plue eyes of hern.

"Wat is soeter als de trinken,
Ja—niet kan beter zyn.

Niet is soeter as de minne,
It smackt nog beter als wijn.
Es giebt nichts wie die Maedchen,
Es giebt nichts wie das Bier,
Wer liebt nicht alle beide
Wird gar kein Cavalier.

"O vot ve vant to quickest come
Ish dat vot 's soonest gone.
Dis life ish boot a passin' from
De efer-gomin'-on.
De gloser dat ve looks ad id,
De shmaller it ish grow;
Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein,
He makes it fastest go."

Breitmann in Germany

Breitmann am Rhein — Cologne

How wunderschön das Vaterland
In audumn-life abbears!
Vot rainpows gild ids vallies crand,
Ven seen troo vallin’ tears!
Und VON I’ll creet mit sang und klang,
Und drown in goldnen wein;
Old Deutschland’s cot her sohn again:
Hans Breitmann’s on der Rhein.

Und doughts ish schwell dat mighdy heart,
Too awfool for make known;
Ven dey shunt him from de railroat car
Und tropped him in Cologne.
De holy towers of de dome
Cleam, twilicht-veiled, afar;
Und like some lonely bilgrim’s pipe
Dim shines de efening star.

Hans look to find his baggage check,
Und see dat all ish shdraights,
Denn toorn him to de city toors,
“Mein nadife land — wie gehts?”

Boot *dat's* vot all who read may run—
Fool blainly armies write;
Id's ofer all half Shermany,
Set down in Black and White.

Oh, Black and White! O Weiss and Schwarz!
Vot dings ish dis to see?
I vonder vot in future years
Your mission ish to pe?
Also in crate America
We had soosh colors too!
Die Färb' sind mir nicht unbekannt—
Id's shoost *tout comme chez nous.*

Next tay to de Cathedral
He vent de dings to view,
Und found it shoost drei thaler cost
To see de sighds all troo.
"Id's tear," said Hans; "boot go ahet,
I'fe cot de cash all right;
Boot id's queer dat's only Protestands
Vot mosdly see de sighdt!

"Im Mittelalter I hafe read
De shoorsh vas alvays sure—
An open bicdure gallerie,
Und book for all de poor.

Boot now de dings is so arrange
No poor volk can get in;
We Yankees und de Englisch are
Pout all ash shbends de tin.

"I shmiles like Mephistopheles
In shoorshes ven I see
Poor Catholics vollerin' round apout
To shdeal a sighdt — troo ME!
Dey peep und creep roundt chapel gates,
Boot soon kits trofe afay,
Dey gross demselfs, und make a brayer —
Boot den dey cannot bay!

"Dese Deutsche sacrisdans might learn
More goot in Italy,
Where beoples bays shoost half de brice,
For ten dimes more to see,
De volk vot dink I shbeak sefere
About dese Küster vays,
May read vot Mr. Bädeker
In his Belgine Hand Buch says."

Und valkin' oop und town de down
Von ding vas shdill de same:
Shoost ash of oldt he saw de shpread
Of Jean Farina's name.

He find it nort', he find it sout',
He find it eferyvhere;
Dere vas no house in all Cologne
Boot J. M. F. vas dere.*

De best Cologne in all Cologne,
I'll shwear for cerdain sure,
Ish maket in de Jülichsplatz,
Und dat at Numero Four.
Boot of dis Cologne in Jülichsplatz
Let dis pe undershtood,
Dat some of id ish foorst-rate pad,
Vhile some is foorst-rate good.

Boot von ding drafellers moost opserve,
Dis treadful trut', I dells,
Fast as dis Farinaceous crowd
So vast hafe grown the schmells —
Dose awfool schmells in gass' und strass'
Vitch mofe crate Coleridge squalm:
If *so* he wrote, vot vouldt he write
Apout dem now, py tam?

* "Ils etaient deux alors; ils sont mille aujourd'hui.
Sur ces temps primitifs le doux progrès a lui,
Et chacque jour le Rhin vers Cologne charrie
De nombreux Farinas, tous 'seul,' tous 'Jean Marie.'"
— Le Maout, "*Le Parfumeur*," cited by Eugene Rimmel in *Le Livre des Parfums*, Paris, 1870.

Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,
  Py gutter, sink, or well,
At efery gorner of Cologne
  Dere 's von can peat dat schmell.
Vhen dere you go you 'll find it so,
  Don't dake de ding on troost;
De meanest skunk in Yankee land
  Would die dere of disgoost.

Boot noding dinked der Breitmann
  Of schmutz or idle schein,
Vhen he sat in Abendämmerung
  Und looket owd on der Rhein
Im goldnen gleam — vhile pealin' far
  Rang shlow, shveet kloster bells,
Und in de dim, plue peaudiful,
  Rose distant Drachenfels.

Dey trinket lieb Liebfrauenmilch
  So pure ash voman's trut';
Dey singed de songs of Shermany,
  De songs of Breitmann's yout',
De songs mit tears of vanished years,
  Made peaudiful in wein.
Dus endet out de firster tay
  Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

Am Rhein—No. ii

IM KAHN

"Were diu werlt alle min,
Von deme mere unze an den Rin,
Des wolt ih mih darben,
Das diu dame von Engellant
Lege an minen armen."
—*Carmina Burana.*

Am Rhein! Acain am Rheine!
In boat oopon der Rhein!
De castle-bergs soft goldnen
Im Abendsonnenschein,
Mit lots of Rüdesheimer,
Und saitenklang und sang,
Und laties singin' lieder,
Ash ve go sailin' 'long.

Und von fair Englisch dame
Vas dere, so wunderscheen;
Vene'er der Breitmann saw her,
Id made his heartsen pain.
Oh, dose long-tailed veilchen Augen,
Vitch voke soosh hopes und fears,
Deir shape vas nod like almonds,
Boot more like fallin' tears.

Und shpecdagles were o'er dem,
De glass of pince-nez kind,

In mercy to de beoples,
  Less dey pe shdrucken blind.
Und gazin' in dem glasses,
  Reflected he pehold
De Rhine, mit all de shdeam-poats,
  Und crags in Sonnengold.

De signs upon de bier-haus;
  De gals a-washin' close;
De wein-garts on de moundain,
  Like heafenly shdairs in rows;
De banks, basaltic-paven,
  Like bee-hife cells to view;
A donkey shtandin' on dem,
  Likevise her lofer too.

All dis oopon dos glasses
  Vas blainly to pe seen;
One saw whate'er was nodiced,
  Py de schöne Engländrinn.
Boot oh! de fery lofe-most
  Of all dat lofe-most pe
Her own plue veilchen Augen —
  Herself she couldt not see.

So ist es in dis Leben;
  For beaudy oft we spied,
Nor know de cratest peaudy
  Ish in our soul inside.

Mein Gott! Vot himmlisch shplendor
Vas seen mitout an toubt,
If some crate bower supernal
Vas toorn oos insite out!

Und gazin' long on Natur,
Und gazin' long on Man,
Shdill all dings glite vorüber,
Ash since de vorldt pegan:
Ash in dat laity's glasses,
Ve see dem bassin' py;
Yet veel a soul beneat' dem,
A schweet eternal eye.

O schöne Englisch maiden
Mit honey-colored hair,
Dat flows ash if a bienen korb
Had got oopsettet dere
Und all de schweetness of your soul
Vas dripplin' from your brain!
Oh shall I efer meet mit dir
Oopon dis eart' acain?

O Englisch engel maiden!
O schveet betaubend dofe!
O Rheinwein und cigarren!
O luncheon, mixed mit lofe!
O Drachenfels und Nonnenwerth!
O Liebeslust und pein!

Dus ents de second chapterlet
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

Am Rhein — No. iii

NONNENWERTH

Alt Deutsch

He shtood peside de Kloster-place,
Oopon de Rheinisch shore,
Und dere he saw a lofely face
He'd seen in treams pefore.

"Feinslieb, und will'st dou go mit me?
Feinslieb, make no delay;
For rocks ish shdeep und vales ish teep,
Und dings ish in de way."

"Und oh! how can I go mit dir,
Or flyen out of land?
Der bischof holts me py de law
Der Rheingraf by der hand.

"Liebsherz, if dou could'st landwarts gehn,
I'd follow willingly;
Boot we are leafs, und shdrong's de shdem
Vitch pinds oos to de dree."

"Der briest who helt dee py de law
Ish now a broken man;

Der Rheingraf who vouldt marry dee
Ish in der Kaiser's ban.

"Und if de Kloster-beoples here
Vill shdop your goin' to town,
Bei Gott! I'll burn von half of dem,
De oder half I'll trown!

"Denn linger not to back dy drunk,
Boot led our lofe hafe vings;
Dere's milliners in fair Cologne
Vill make you averydings."

She toorn her eyes im mondenschein,
She schmile so heafenly:
"Dear lofe, so shendle und so goot!
I'll cut away mit dee.

"Und do not kill de Kloster-volk,
'T vouldt only bring tiscrace!
Dough if I had de abbess here,
Lort! how I'd slap her vace!"

De moonlighdt blayed oopon de drees,
It shined oopon de blain,
Two forms rode in de mitnight woods,
Und nefer coomed again.

Breitmann in Munich

GAMBRINUS

"Vot ish Art? Id ish *somedings to drink*, objectively fore-ge-brought in de Beaudiful. Doubtest dou?—denn read, ash *I* hafe read, de Dionysiacs of Nonnus, und learn dat de oop-boorstin' of infinite worlds into edernal Light und mad goldnen Lofeliness—yea of *dein own soul*—is typified only py de Cup. Vot!—shdill skebdigal? Tell me denn, O dou of liddle fait, vere on eart ish de kunst obtain ids highest form if not in a Bierstadt?* Ha! ha! I poke you *dere!*"

Caupo Recauponatus, MS. by Fritz Schwackenhammer, *olim canditatus theologiæ* at Tübingen, shoost now lagerbierwirth in St. Louis. (Dec. 1869.)

"Cerevisia bibunt homines
Animalia cetera fontes."

I

In a field of goldnen parley
Goot King Gambrinus shlept,
Und, treamin' pout de dursty volk,
Dey say he gried und vept.
"In all mine land of Nederland,
Dere crows no mead or wein,
Und wasser I couldt nefer get
Indo dis troat of mein.

"Now hear me on, ye headen gotts!
Und all de Christian too;

---

* *Bierstadt*—Herr Schwackenhammer had evidently here in view, not only the American artist Bierstadt, but also the great city of Munich, specially famous for its manufacture of beer.

Der Bacchus und der Shoopider,
  Und Marie tressed in plue!
Und mighdy Thor, der donner gott,
  Und any else dat be!
Der von as helps me in dis Noth,
  His serfant I will pe.''

Und ash dis sinfull headen
  All in de parley lay,
Dere coom in tream an angel
  Who soft dese worts tid say:
''Stay oop, dou boor Gambrinus!
  For efen all aroundt
Im parley vhere dou shleepest,
  Somedings goot to trink ish found.

''Im parley vhere dou shleepest
  Dere hides a trink so clear,
Dat men will know zukunftig —
  Ash porter — ale — or bier.''
Und denn in Nederlandisch
  He put de könig troo,
Und gafe him — allwhile treaming —
  De recipe to prew.

Oop rose der goot Gambrinus,
  Und shook him in de sun:
''Go vay, ye sinfool headen gotts!
  Mit you its out und done!

Ye 'fe left me mit mine beoples
  In error und in durst,
Till in our treadful tryness,
  Ve tont know vitch is wurst."

Dat vas der goot Gambrinus
  Oonto his palac't vent,
Und loafers troo de Nederland
  To all his lordts he sent.
"Leave Odin — or you lose your hets!"
  De order vas sefere,
Yet tinged mit mildness, for he sent
  De recipe for bier.

O den a merry sound vas heardt
  Of bildin' troo de land,
Und de kirchen und de braweries
  Vent oop on efery hand;
For de masons dey vere hart at vork,
  Und trinkin' hart at dat,
Und some hat bricks mitin de hods,
  Und some mitin deir hat.

Dey prew it in de Nederland,
  Dey prew it on de Rhine;
Boot in de oldt Bavarian land,
  Dey make it shdrong und fein.
Und he dat trinks in Munich,
  Ash all goot vellers know,

Has got somedings to dink apout,
Vherefer he may go.

II

Hafe you heardt of Köng Gambrinus?
If you hafen't id vas gueer,
For he vas de first erfinder
Und de holy saint of bier.
Und his bortrait, mit a sceptre,
Fery peaudifool to see,
Hangs on afery lager-bier house,
In de land of Germanie.

Eferyvhere de whole world ofer,
Deutschers paint him on de sign,
As a broof dat dey are dealin'
In de Bok und Lager line.
Crown und bier-mug, robe und ermine;
German signs of empire, dese,
Mit a long white beard a-fallin'
Fery nearly to his knees.

Vonce dis bier-saint, pright und early,
Rose from bett und vent his vay
To a dark mysderious gastle,
Vhere his lager-donjon lay.
Vhile de lark's first song vas ringin',
Und die roses shone in dew,

Den his soul vas shoost in order
  To enshoy de early brew.

Deeply, awfooly he schwilled it,
  Till de vaults seem toornin' round;
Und vhile tipsy — *over* tips he —
  In he falls — und dere is trowned.
Yet vhile goorglin' in de bier-fass,
  Biously he gafe his soul:
"Gott verdammich! Donnerwetter!
  Himmels sacrament-a-mol!"

Dere dey found der kŏng "departed,"
  Not mitout his stir-up cup:
Moosh dey woonderd dat he berishet
  Vhen he might hafe troonk it oop;
Or dat his long peard, vitch floatet
  Fool a yard on efery side,
Had n't buoyed him from destrugdion: —
  Dus der beer-dead monarch died.

Breitmann in Frankfort-on-the-Main

"Sankt Martin war ein frommer Mann
Trank gerne *Cerevisiam*,
Und hatt er kein *Pecuniam*
So liess er seinen *Tunicam*."

[COMMENT BY HERR SCHWACKENHAMMER]

WONCE oopon a dimes in Frankfort der Herr Breitemann exsberiencet an interfal pedween de periot ven he hat gespent de last remiddance he hat become from home, und de arrifal of de succeedin' wechsel, or bill of exghange — und, in blain derms, was hard up. Derefore he vent to dat goot relation who may pe foundt at den or fifdeen per cent all de worlt ofer, — "mine Onkel," — und poot his tress-goat oop de shpout for den florins. No sooner vas dis done, dan dere coomed an infitation from de English laity in whom he vas so moosh mit lofe in betaken, to geh mit her to a ball-barty. Awful bad vas he veel, und sot apout tree hours mitout sayin' nodings, und denn wafin' his hand, boorst out mit de vollowin' version of dat peaudiful lied by Wilhelm Caspary: —

"Mein Frack ist im Pfand-Haus"

Mine tress-goat is shpouted, mine tress-goat aint hier,
Vhile you in your ball-ropes go splurgin', mein tear!
To barties mit you I'm infitet, you know,
Boot my pest coat ish shpouted — mine poots are no go.
To hell mit mine Onkel — dat rasgally knafe!
Dis pledgin' und pawnin' has mate me his slafe!
Ven I dink of his sign-bost, den dree dimes I bawl,
Vhile mine plack pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Goot night to dee, fine lofe — so lofely und rich,
Mein tress-goat ish shpouted — gonfount efery stitch!
I dinks dat olt Satan troo all mine affairs,
Lofe, business, und fun, has peen sowin' his tares.
My tress-goat ish shpouted—mine tress-goat ain't here,
While you in your glorie go shinin', mein tear,
Und de luck of der teufel ish loose ofer all,
Vhile my black pants hang lonely und dark on de wall.

Dis *four-goin'*, song vas over-set by der Hans Breitmann from de German of Wilhelm Caspary, whose lyric vas a barody on a dranslation made indo Deutsch by Freiligrath from anoder boem py Sir Waldherr Scott, vitch Sir Waldherr vas kit de idée of from an oldt Scottish ballad vitch pegin mit de vorts —

> "My hearts in de Hielands, mein hearts ish nae hier,
> Mein hearts in de Hielands, in wilden revier;
> It hoonts for de shtag, und id hunts for de reh,
> Mein hearts ist im Hochland wo immer ich geh."

Dis is de original Scotch, as goot as I can mineself rememper it. Ven I vas dell der Herr Karl Blind pout dis intercommixture of perplexified dransitions from Scotch to English, and dence into German, and dereafter into a barody, vitch vas be done ofer again indo Herr Breitmann's own slanguage, he sait it vas a Rattenkönig — a phrase too familiar to mine readers to require any wider complication.*

* Rattenkönig, or Rat-king, is a term applied in German to a droll mixture of incidents or details. It is derived from an extraordinary story of twelve rats, with one (their king) in the centre, which were found in a nest with their tails grown together, firmly as the ligament which connects the Siamese Twins.

Breitmann in Italy

Breitmann in Rome

Dere 's lighds oopon de Appian,
Dey shine de road entlang;
Und from ein hundert tombs dere brumms
A wild Lateinisch song;
It rings from Nero's goldnen haus;
Evoe! — here he coom!
Fly oud, ye mœnads, from your craves! —
Hans Breitmann's got to Rome!

For vhile de lamp holts oud to purn,
Or von goot shpark ish dere,
Dere 's hope for all of dem whose lives
Ish doun in Lemprière.
Von real, *shenuine* heathen
Is coom at last to home;
Ye shleepin' gotts, lift oop your hets —
Hans Breitmann lifes in Rome!

Silenus mit der Hercules,
Dere-to der Maia's sohn,
Ish all unite in Breitmann
To make a stunnin' one.

Frau Venus mit de Bacchanals
  Ist shmile to see him come;
De Vesta only toorn her pack
  Vhen Breitmann kit to Rome.

He vented to de Vacuum,
  Vhere de Bope ish keep his bulls;
Boot could n't vind dem, dough he heardt
  Dat all de blace vas fools.
"Dere ish here and dere some *ochsen*,
  Right manivest I see;
Boot de bools all comes from Irish priests,"
  Said Breitemann, said he.

Und goin' py de Vacuum,
  Und passin' troo de yard;
Mein Gott! how vas he stoomple, vhen
  He see de Schweitzer guard,
Mit efery kinds of colors tresst,
  Like shtreamers in de van.
"Hans Wurst ist stets ein Deutscher g'west,"
  Das marked der Breitemann.

Und dus replied an guartsmann:—
  "I shoys to see you here:
Ich bin dem Bapst sei Laibgaertner.
  Dazu a halberthier.
Dis purpur kleid of yellow-plue
  Vas made, ash I hafe heard,

Py von Hans Michel Angelo,
Der tailor of our guard.

"Ve're shoost von hoondert dirty strong,
Ve list for twenty year;
De serfice ist not pad, boot dis—
Verdamm das Römisch bier!
For ven mit *birra gazzosa*
A maiden fills my glass,
She might ash vell gife gift ash say—
'Feinslieb, ich schenk dir dass!'"

Und dus rebly der Breitmann:—
"Un Tedesco Italianazato,
Ein Deutscher toorned Italian, ish
Il diavolo incarnato.
Your clothes are like infernal flames,
Dey burn my fery soul;
Boot to-night we'll trink togedder—nun,
Lieb' landsmann, lebe wohl!"

At de Sherman artisds' festa,
Vhere all vas pright und fair,
'T vas fairer und more prighterfull
Vhen Breitmann enter dere.
Und der vaiters in de Greco
(So long he trinked und sot)
Vas called him L'Ubbriacone—
'T vas de name der Breitmann got.

He saw a veller in de shtreet,
Vot sell some friction-matches;
De kind dey call Infallible,
For dey *blazes* ven you *scratches.*
Dey dragged him off to brison,
Und tied him mit a rope;
For in Rome dere 's nix Infallible,
Dey said, excebt de Bope.

Hans see de crate Prometheus,
In Corsini's gallery hang;
He tought apout de matches,
Und it made his heart go bang.
"It 's risk to carry light apout,
Too cheap for efery man;
How de Lucifers is fallen!" *
Ita dixit Breitemann.

He got among de Bope's Zouaves.
Dey trinked from morn to night;
Den frolicked *colle belle*
Ontil de shky crew pright.
It blease der Breitmann vonderfool,
And dus he often say:
"*Zouaviter in modo* ish
Der real Roman way."

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* "Lucifers." The first name applied in America to friction matches, and one still used by many people.

Boot oh, his heart burned vild mit fire,
His eyes gefilled mit tears,
At de gotts in efery bilder saal,
Mit goats' legs, tails, und ears.
Und he sopped—"Ach liebes Deutschland,
Bist here on every hand?
Was machst du, Mephistopheles,
So weit im Wälschen Land?"

Boot de wood-nymphs boorst out laughin',
Der Garten-gott dere-to,
Und sait—"Oldt Hans! vile you 're apout
Ve nefer can look blue."
Den Pan blay on his Syrinx,
To de tune of Mary Blane,
"Don't gry pecause ve 're out of town,
Ve 're coming pack again.

"Von day you got de yolk und vhite,
De next day only shells;
Von day dey holts a council,
Und de next day—'someding else!'
Id 's bopes und kings, und gotts and dings,
Oopon dis eartly ball;
Boot for *me* id 's all von frolic,
Und a high oldt carnival!

"Rise oop, dou Odin-trafeler,
Und toorn dee to de Nort,

Wherefrom, as Bible dells dee,
Crate efil shall come fort.
Dere is mutterin's in Ravenna,
Und ere long dere 'll come a turn,
A real hell-bender from de land
Of Dieterich von Bern.

"Und ven der Breitmann's prototype,
Der Fictoor Manuel,
Cooms tromplin', tromplin' troo de fern,
To give dis coontry hell,
Und ven in La Comarca,
Der is shtorm in all de air,
Dy Gotts vill gife dee vork, mein Sohn,
Hans Breitmann shall be dere!"

For a yar will nod be ofer
Pefore de Fräntsch will run,
Und de game at last be ented,
Und Italy pe *won*.
Und denn in roarin' battle,
For hishtory so grand,
Dy banner 'll lead de Uhlan spears,
All in de Frankenland.

Nota bene. — Dis boem was all written in 1869, pefore de wars; und all de dings prophezeit in it coomed to bass. Herein der Herr Breitmann abbears ash a Seher or Prophet so crate as de cratest ash nefer vas. Der crate ardist, Mishter W. W. Story, for whom dis lied vas written, can proof all dis.

— FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER, Redaktör.

La Scala Santa

"Robusti sono i fatti."
Discorso del Terremoto, del S. Alessandro
Sardo. Venetia, A.D. 1586.

In San Gianni Lateran,
Dey 've cot a flight of shdairs,
More woonderful ash nefer vas,
As Latin pooks declares.
For you kits your sins forgifen,
If you glimes dem knee py knee;
It 's such a gitten up a stairs,
I nefer yet did see.

Now as Breitmann vas a-vaitin'
Among some demi-reps,
Ascensionem expectans,
To see dem glime de steps,
Dere came a sinful scoffer,
Who his mind had firmly set
To go dem holy sdairs afoot,
Und do it on a bet!

Boot shoost as he vas startet,
To make dis sassy go,
Der Breitmann caught him py de neck,
Und tripped him off his toe!
Und den dere come de skience,
A la prenez gardez vous;

For he bung his eye and bust his shell,
  Und shplit his noshe in dwo.

De briests vere so astonish,
  To see him lam de man,
Dat dey shvore a holy miracle
  Vas vork by Breitemann.
Says Breitmann, "I'm a heretic,
  But dis you may pe bound,
No chap shall mock relishious dings
  Vhile I'm a-bummin' round.

"Und you owes me really noding,
  For, as I'll plainly show,
At last I've found out someding
  Vot I alfays vant to know.
Und now dat I have found it,
  In de newspapers I'll brag:
Evviva! Ho trovato,
  Vot means a Scala-Wag."*

---

* *Scalawag*—An American word, of very doubtful origin, signifying a low, worthless fellow.

Breitmann interviews the Pope

"Altri beva il Falerno, altri la Tolfa.

. . . . . .

Toscana re, dite
Pria ch'io parli dite."
—*Bacco in Toscano*, di Francesco Redi.

"Si regressum feci metro
Retro ante, ante retro—
Quid si graves sunt acuti?
Si accentus fiant muti?
Quid si placide, plene, plane
Fregi frontem Prisciani?—
Sat est Verbum declinavi
Titubo-titubas-titubavi."
—*Barnabæ Itinerarium.* London, 1716.

Von efenin' ash der Breitmann vent from his weinhaus vinkin',
So peepy mit Falernian vitch he vas starkly trinkin',
He found his hut and goat was gone,—dey 'd dook em oud for dryin',—
Und in deir blace a priester hut und priester mantel lyin'.

Der Breitmann poot de triangel oopon his het, and whistled,
Den rop de cloak around his form, and down de Corso mizzled.
De beoples gazed mit staunischment as bey dem he go vheelin',
He look ganz *oltra tramontane*, so twisty vas his reelin'.

Next tay *in Vaticano*, while he shtared at frescoes o'er him,
Hans toorned und mit amazemend saw der Pabst vas
shoost pefore him!
Down on his knees der Breitmann vent — for so de law it
teaches;
He proke two holes in de bavement — und likevise shblit
his preeches.

"Ego video," says de Bope — "tu es antistes ex Almania,
Est una mala gente et corrupta con insania,
Un fons hereticorum et malorum tut terribile,
Perche non vultis che ego — il Papa — sei infallibile."

"Sit verbo venia," said Hans, "permitte, Sancte Pater,
Num verum est ut noster *rum* gemixta est mit water?
In cœlis wo die götter live, non semper est sereno,
Nor de wein ash goot ash decet in each *spaccio di vino*.

"Sunt mihi multi fratres qui si denkunt ut dicisti,
Ego kickerem illos, validê, per sanguine de Christi!
In nostro monasterio si habemus nostrum rentum
Contra infallibilità non curamus rubrum centum.

"Viginti nostrorum nuper convenere,
In quodam capitulo, simul et dixere;
Papa vult Concilium in Romam tenere,
Quid debemus super hoc ipsi respondere?" *

---

* This verse is parodied from the lines of a ribald old Latin song, "Viginti Jesuiti nuper convenêre."

Et dixit noster presul, "Es ist mir omnis unus,
Si Papa est infallibilis, tanquam non sum jejunus,
Si Nonus est Pius aut Pius est Nonus —
Diabolus curat. Non accipio dieser onus.

"Si possum me jacere circum vitrum Rhenovini [*]
Es ist mir wurst si Papa est originis divini:
Deus se fecit olim homo, et nahm das irds'che Leben, [†]
Et nunc Papa noster will sich selbst zum Gott erheben.

Ita dixit Breitmann et sanctus Pater respondit:
Me piace semper intendere tutto cio che l'on dit,
Sed tu dic mihi la sua ragione:
Tu non homo natus es, solus mangiar maccheroni.

[*] "If I could throw myself outside of, or around, a glass of Rhenish wine." "If I could see a glass of whisky," said an American, "I 'd throw myself outside of it mighty quick." Since writing the above, I have seen the expression thus given in a copy of *La Belle Sauvage.* — *Bill of the Play, London, June 27,* 1870.

"Nay these natives — simple creatures —
Had resolved that for the future
Each his own canoe would paddle,
Each his own hoe-cake would gobble,
And *get outside his own whisky.*"

[†] "Deus se fecit olim homo," &c. A very curious epigram to this effect was placed upon "Pasquin" while the writer was in Rome, during the past winter. It was as follows: —

"Perchè Eva mangio il pomo
Iddio per riscattarci si fece uomo,
Ed ora il Nono Pio
Per mantenerci schiavi, si fa Dio."

"Tonitrus et cespes!" dixit Johannes Breitmann.
"Si veritatem cupies, tunc ego sum der right man;
Percute semper ferrum dum caldum est et *malleable*,
Nunc est tuum tempus te facere *infallible*.

"In nostra America quum Præses decet abire,
Die ultimo facit omne quod posset imaginire.
Appointet ambasciatores et post-magistros,
Consules et alios, per dextros et sinistros.

"Quum Rex Bomba iste Neapolitanus
Compulsus fuit to shin it—ut dixit Africanus—
Fecit ultimo die ducos et countos, vanus.
(Inter alios M'Closkey, tuus Hibernicus chamberlanus.)*

"Et quia tu es, ut credo, ultimus Poporum,
Facis bene devenire, quod dicitur High Cockalorum—
Sei magnissimus *toad in the puddle*, ite caput, magnamente;
Et ERITIS SICUT DEUS, nemine contradicente!

"Unus error solus, Sancte Pater, commisisti.
Quia primus *infallible* non te proclamavisti,
Nam nemo audet dicere: Papa fecit quod non est bonus.
Decet semper jactare super *alios* probandi onus.

"Conceptio Immaculata hoc modo fixisti,
Et nemo audet dicere unum verbum, de isti:

---

* M'Closky. An Irish adventurer, admirably depicted by Mr. Charles Lever.

Non vides si infallibilis es, et vultis es exdare,*
Non alius sed *tu* solus hanc debet proclamare?"

"Figlio mio," dixit Papa; "Tu es homo mirablis,
Tua verba sunt mi dulcior quam ostriche cum Chablis
In tutta Roma, de Alemania gente,
Non ho visto uno con si grande mente.

"Vero benedetto es—eris benedictus,
Tibi mitterem photographiam in quo sum depictus.
Tu comprendes situatio—il punto et gravamen.
Sunt pauci clerici ut te. Nunc dico tibi—Amen!"

---

* Do you not see that if you are infallible, and wish to give it out.

The First Edition of Breitmann

Showing how and why it was that it never appeared

> "Uns ist in alten Maeren
> wunders viel geseit
> Von Helden lobebaeren,
> von grosser Arebeit.
> Von Festen und Hochzeiten,
> von Weinen und Klagen,
> Von kuehnen Recken Streiten,
> Möht Ihr nun Wunderhören sagen."
> — *Der Nibelungenlied.*

Do oos, in anciend shdory,
Crate voonders ish peen told
Of lapors fool of glory,
Of heroes bluff und bold;
Of high oldt times a-kitin',
Of howlin' und of tears,
Of kissin' and of vightin',
All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben,
Since fifty years pegan,
An shild of decend elders,
His name Hans Breitemann.
De gross adfentures dat he had,
If you will only look,

Ish all bescribed so truly
  In dis fore-lyin' book.

Und allaweil dese lieder
  Vere goin' troo his het,
De writer lay von Sonntay
  A-shleepin' in his bett;
Vhen, lo!—a yellow bigeon
  Coom to him in a dream,
De same dat Mr. Barnum
  Vonce had in his Museum.

Und dus out-shprake de bigeon:
  "If you should brint de songs
Or oder dings of Breitmann
  Vhich to dem on-belongs,
Dey will tread de road of Sturm and Drang,
  Die wile es möhte leben,
Und be mis-geborn in pattle—
  To dis fate ish it ergeben."

Und dus rebly de dreamer:
  "If on de ice it shlip,
Denn led id dake ids shanses,
  Rip Sam, und let 'er rip!
Dou say'st id vill pe sturmy:
  Vot sturmy ish, ish crand,
Crates heroes ish de beoples
  In Uncle Samuel's land.

"Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel,
O golden bigeon mine,
Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer,
If id dakes me all dis line.
Full liddle ish de discount
Oopon de Yankee peeps."
"Go to hell!" exglaim de bigeon;
Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

Dere vent to Sout' Carolina
A shentleman who dinked
Dat te pallads of der Breitmann
Should papered pe und inked.
Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin'
Before de writer know:
Dis make to many a brinter
Fool many a bitter woe.

All in de down of Charleston,
A druckerei he found,
Where dey cut de copy into takes
Und sorted it around.
Und all vas goot peginnen,
For no man heeded mooch
Dat half de jours vas Mericans
Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half
  Had vorn de Federal plue,
Vhile de anti-half in Davis grey
  Had peen Confeterates true.
Great Himmel! vot a shindy
  Vas shdarted in de crowd,
Vhen some von read Hans Breitmann
  His Barty all aloud!

Und von goot-nadured Yankee
  He schwear id vos a shame
To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,
  Und make of dem a game.
Boot dis make mad Fritz Luder,
  Und he schwear dis treat of Hans
Vos shoost so goot a barty
  Ash any oder man's.

Und dat nodings vos so looscious,
  In all dis eartly shpeer,
Ash a quart mug fool of sauer-kraut,
  Mit a plate of lager-bier.
Dat de Yankee might pe tam mit himself,
  For he, der Fritz, hafe peen,
In many soosh a barty
  Und all dose dings hafe seen.

All mad oopsproong de Yankee,
  Mid all his passion ripe;

Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin'-shtick
  Vheremit he vas fixin' type.
It hit him on de occiput,
  Und laid him on de floor;
For many a long day afder
  I ween his het was sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,
  Who vas quick to act und dink;
He helt in hand a roller
  Vheremit he vas rollin' ink.
Und he dake his broof by shtrikin'
  Der Merican top of his het,
Und make soosh a vine impression
  Dat he left de veller for deat.

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,
  Dere vas rows of anoder kind,
Und drople in de wigwam
  Enough to trife dem plind.
Und a crate six-vooted Soudern man
  Vot hafe vorked on a Refiew
Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de forms
  If de Breitmann's book warn't true.

For de Sout' vas ploundered derriple,
  Und in dat darksome hour
He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,
  Of all de land de vlower.

Bright gold doublones a hoondered
  For her he'd gladly bay
Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,
  Und deem it cheap dat day.

To him antworded a Yorker
  Who shoomp den dimes de *boun-ti-ee*.
(De only dings *he* lossed in de war
  Was a sense of broperty.)
Says he, "Votefer you hafe dropped
  Some oder shap hafe get,
Und de yallow-pine liked him petter ash you;
  On dat it is safe to bet!"

Dead pale pecame dat Soudern brave,
  He tidn't so moosh as yell,
Boot he drop right onto de Yorker,
  Und mit von lick bust his shell.
Denn out he flashed his pig-sticker,
  Und mit looks of drementous gloom
Rooshed vildly in de pattle
  Dat vas ragin' round de room.

Boot *in angulo*, in de corner—
  Anoder quarrel vas grow
'Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner;
  Und de row ish gekommen so:
De Yankee say dat de H-*u*-mor
  Of soosh writin' vas less dan small,

Dough it maket de beoples laughen,
  Boot dat vas only all.

Denn a Deutscher say, by Donner!
  Dat soosh a baradox
Vould leafe no hope for writers
  In all Pandora's baender box.
'T was like de sayin' dat Heine
  Hafe no witz in him goot or bad,
Boot he only *kept sayin'* witty dings
  To make beoples pelieve he had.

Denn de oder veller be-headed
  Dat dere vas not a shbark of foon
In de pad spelt lieds when you lead dem
  Into Englisch correctly done: —
Denn a Proof Sheet veller respondered,
  For he dink de dings vas hard,
"Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady
  Ash vent to hear Artemus Ward,

"Und say it vas shames de beoples
  Vas laugh demselfs most tead
At de boor young veller lecturin',
  Vhen he tidn't know vot he said."
Hereauf de Yankee answered,
  "Gaul dern it: —shtop your fuss!"
And all de crowd togeder
  Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet
  Soosh an awfool smock on de face,
Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin
  Mit a sense of his tisgrace;
Boot der Deutscher boosted an ink-keg
  On dop of de oder's hair:
It vly troo de air like a boomshell—denn—
  Mine Gotts!—Vot a sighdt vas dere!

Denn ofer all de shapel
  Vierce war vas ragin' loose;
Fool many a vighten brinter
  Got well ge-gooked his goose.
Fool many a nose mit fisten,
  I ween was padly scrouged;
Fool many an eye pright gleamin'
  Vas ploody out-gegouged.

Dô wart ûfgehouwen,
  Dere vas hewin' off of pones;
Dô hôrte man darinne
  Man heardt soosh treadful croans.
Jach waren dâ die Geste,
  De row vas rough and tough,
Genuoge sluogen wunden —
  Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De souls of anciend brinters
  From Himmel look down oopon,

Und allowed dat in a *chapel*
  Dere was nefer soosh carryin's on.
Dere was Lorenz Coster mit Gutemberg,
  Und Scheffer mit der Fust,
Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers,
  Oopon dis teufel's dust.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted
  Who lay upon de vloor;
Dere vas Soudern rebs destructed
  Who vouldt nefer Jeff no more.
Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,
  Dey heardt de oldt brinters' calls,
Und Gutemberg gifed dem all a kick
  Ash he histed dem ofer de walls.

Dat is de vay dese Ballads
  Foorst vere crooshed in ploot und shdorm,
Fool many a day moost bass afay
  Pefore dey dook dis form.
De copy flootered o'er de preasts
  Of heroes lyin' todt,
Dis vas de dire peginnin'—
  Das war des BREITMANN'S NOTH.

Dis song, in Philadelphia
  Long dimes ago pegun,
In Paris vas gondinued, und
  In Dresden ist full-done.

If any toubt apout de *facts*
In nople minds ish grew,
Let dem ashk Carl Benson Bristed,
He knows id all ish drue.

Und now, dese Breitmann shdories
Is gebrindt in many a lant,
Sogar in far Australia
Dey 're gestohlen und bekannt: —
"*Geh hin, mein Buch, in alle VVelt;*
Steh auss was dir kompt zu!
Man beysse Dich, man reysse Dich,
Nur dass man mir nichts thu!" *

---

* DRANSLATION

"Go forth, my book, through all the world,
Bear what thy fate may be!
They may bite thee, they may tear thee,
So they do no harm to me!"

THE END

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